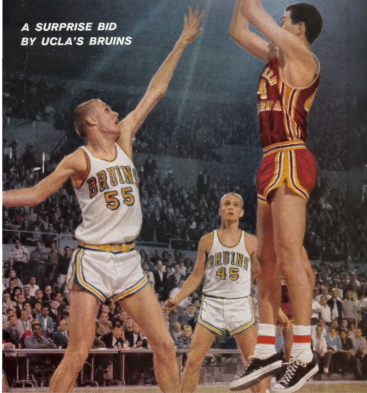


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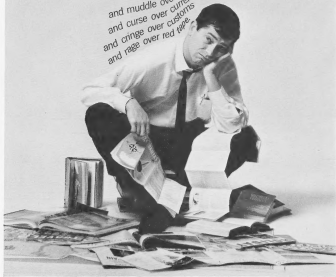
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Next week

RICARDO RODRIGUEZ, 30, is in his sixth year of motor racing. As Solring he will drive a factory Ferrari. Kenneth Radson previews the big race and analyzes Rodriguez' chances.

THE NEW COL F. 40 is a loaded baseball in the hands of Houston's Roy McWhorter. Until now, the National League knew him only as a name. The National League is in for a surprise.

THE ARMY CORTAIN is a far-reaching barrier for the inventor, but behind it Writer Anthony Caruso and Photographer Jerry Cooke found music, night life, beaches and bikini.

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**POINT OF
FACT**

An NCAA basketball tournament quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of fans and armchair experts

What was the most dramatic NCAA championship game ever played?

• In 1957 North Carolina beat Kansas 54-53 in a triple-overtime game. Kansas, led by Wilt Chamberlain, had been heavily favored in the final after easily beating San Francisco 86-56 the previous night. North Carolina, on the other hand, had to play three overtimes against Michigan State in the semifinals before winning 74-70. In the championship game the score was 46-46 at the end of regulation play and 48-48 after the first overtime. The second overtime was scoreless. North Carolina went ahead 52-48 in the third overtime but Kansas tied the score and, with 31 seconds to go, went ahead by one point. With six seconds left, however, Joe Quigg of North Carolina sank two foul shots to win the game.

Has any team, besides North Carolina, won by only one point in a championship game?

• Yes. Indiana beat Kansas 69-68 in 1951, and California beat West Virginia 71-70 in 1958.

Ohio State had a perfect record (24-0) when it went into the 1961 NCAA tournament. Has any other team entered the NCAA tournament with no regular-season defeats?

• Yes. Columbia was 21-0 but lost in the first round in 1951. San Francisco was 25-0 in 1956 and won four more games to take the title. North Carolina was 27-0 when it entered the 1957 tournament.

continued

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POINT OF FACT *continued*

• *How many teams won the NCAA championship in successive years?*

• Yes, Oklahoma A&M won in 1945 and 1946, Kentucky in 1948 and 1949 (Kentucky also won in 1951 and 1958, the only team to take more than two championships) and San Francisco in 1955 and 1956. Indiana is the only other team to have won twice—1940 and 1953.

• *Who held the record for most points in four games in the 1956 tournament?*

• Hal Lear of Temple scored 160 points in five games in the 1956 tournament. Temple lost in the semifinals to Iowa but won the consolation game to finish third in the tournament. Jerry West of West Virginia also scored 160 points in five games in 1959. Clyde Lovellette of Kansas holds the record for four games—141 points in 1952. Oscar Robertson of Cincinnati scored the most points in one game (56), against Arkansas in the 1958 western regional consolation game.

• *Who was selected as the Most Valuable Player of the tournament in 1960 and 1961? How many other players have been MVP two years in a row?*

• Yes, Bob Kurland of Oklahoma A&M was picked in 1945 and 1946, and Alex Groza of Kentucky in 1948 and 1949. Kurland and Groza were also tournament high scorers both years.

• *When Loran won the MVP award last year he became the sixth player to do so from a team that did not win the championship. Who were the others?*

• R. H. Born was MVP in 1953, when Kansas was runner-up in the tournament. Hal Larr won in 1956, Wilt Chamberlain of Kansas in 1957, Elgin Baylor of Seattle in 1958 and Jerry West of West Virginia in 1959. Kansas, Seattle and West Virginia all came in second.

• *What was the biggest margin of victory for a team in a championship game?*

• Ohio State beat California by 20 points (75-55) in 1960, Indiana defeated Kansas by 18 points (68-42) in 1940, and Kansas beat St. John's by 17 points (80-63) in 1952. La Salle scored the most points in a title game when it beat Bradley 92-76 in 1954.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED MARCH 18, 1982



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SCORECARD

FUNERAL DELAYED

Representatives of the NCAA and assorted sports federations opposed to AAU control met last week in Chicago and, though they pretty much agreed that development of track and field, gymnastics, basketball and other sports would best be served by separate autonomous organizations, they decided to wait a while before acting on their belief.

Two reasons lay behind the postponement, though other reasons were given. The U.S. meets the Soviet Union in a dual track meet at Palo Alto this year and a struggle for power between the AAU and the rest of the track world could result in a weakened U.S. team. Not only that but Stanford University, sponsoring the meet, is on the hook to the USSR for a \$100,000 guarantee.

NO HELP WANTED

A wifful Rocky Marciano said last week that if a federal boxing commissioner should be appointed he would like the job. His first act, Rocky said, would be to appoint "a board of boxing composed of ex-champions." Sorry—but what prizefighting needs least of all is control by prizefighting people. The sport's degradation has occurred because boxing people lack the moral fiber to maintain its integrity. What boxing needs is a tough and knowing head cop.

It is not, however, likely to get one very soon. In spite of Senator Estes Kefauver's fine exposition of boxing's underworld control, the corrective bill prepared by his Senate committee on antitrust and monopoly has little chance of passage. The Justice Department and Attorney General Rob Kennedy do not want a boxing commissioner in the Justice Department, since this would give it the aspect of a regulatory agency, quite a departure from its function as a law-enforcing agency. All other agencies of this nature, Kennedy points out, are set up specially—the Federal Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Atomic Energy Commission, and so on.

If a federal boxing commission were to be established, it would offer very slight employment opportunities for old, retired boxers.

UP AND OVER FOR FIBER GLASS

You can take it from Harold Abraham, technical committee chairman of the International Amateur Athletics Federation, that the IAAF will not ban fiberglass vaulting poles outdoors. In his cluttered, hectic London office, Abraham, 100 meters gold medalist in the 1924 Olympics, explained last week that "the fiber-glass pole is not so different in fact, only in degree," and is not inherently better than steel, since "a steel pole could in principle be made at least equally flexible and probably more so." The fiber-glass pole is just easier to construct to vaulting specifications, it would seem. In the light of this information, legislation against the fiber-glass pole would be fanciful. "Honestly," Abraham said, "I don't think there will be any change."

MAMA ROE'S FULFILLMENT

During the school hockey season now ending, the feats of the four Roe brothers of St. Paul made history. John Roe captained his Williams College hockey team to its best season ever (16-3-1), and in the Williams forward line his younger brother Tom, with 82 points, ranked high among collegiate scorers.

Meanwhile, back in St. Paul, Bill Roe, a senior at St. Paul Academy, broke Tom's league scoring record with 45 points, and the youngest Roe brother, Jimmy, became the second sophomore to win a letter on the academy team, which took its second straight private school tournament championship.

None of the boys' hockey skills derive from their father, who has never played the game. They derive, instead, from the distaff side. In the mid-'30s Mrs. Roe, who had been raised on a Minnesota lake, struck out for Carleton College with her hockey stick and skates packed as carefully as her prom gowns. She even managed to play in several freshman practice sessions until she decided that

ladylike decorum was not being served by her presence on the squad. It was a sad day then for Mrs. Roe but now things seem to have turned out rather well.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

What it is in the dark depths of the human soul that drives men to become baseball umpires has yet to be disclosed on any analyst's couch. Now comes Air Force Sergeant John P. (Petie) L'Angelle with a possible clue. Sergeant L'Angelle, stationed at Stead Air Force Base north of Reno, is attached to the Air Force's survival training and helicopter school. He is a veteran of the Chinese and African campaigns of World War II, in which he flew 57 missions as a B-25 crew member. And during this career he lived dangerously between missions—as umpire in many as Air Force baseball games.

"Once when I was umpiring a game at a base in Europe," he recalled the other day, "I threw a full-bird colored out of a game. He was a coach and had been getting pretty nasty. Of course, he got me thrown off the base, but it was worth it." There you have it. Umpires are men who



like to make dangerous decisions. If you doubt it, consider this: Sergeant L'Angelle, retiring after 20 years in the Air Force, will go to work in the Class C California Baseball League as an umpire.

CHOICE OF THE PROS

For the second year in a row Wilt Chamberlain has failed to make the All-Star professional basketball team, selection of which is made by the players of the National Basketball Association themselves. Despite the Stilt's high scoring throughout the season and his recent record of 100 points for the Philadelphia Warriors in a single game, the players preferred that their pivotman

Continued



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SCORECARD *cont.*

be Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics.

Fans might have voted otherwise but the pros knew what they were doing. As they saw it, the less sensational Russell is a team player, superb on defense and highly skilled at setting up scoring situations for other players. He makes his own share of points, too, of course. Chamberlain's abilities, if not his inclinations, make him an individualist. His scoring record could not have been made if he had not constantly been fed the ball by teammates. As the pros well know, basketball is a team game.

Or, to quote Bob Cousy (see page 20): "The Celtics could win the championship without me, or without anybody else on the team, but not without Russell."

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Because Tennis Star Dennis Ralston will undergo surgery for removal of bone chips in his knee and will be out of action for six weeks, the USC junior may not be available for competition until the NCAA tourney in June.

- Phil Woolpert, who guided the University of San Francisco to consecutive NCAA basketball titles in 1955 and 1956, will return to college coaching next year as head coach and athletic director at the University of San Diego.

- Oakland has petitioned American League President Joe Cronin for a franchise. All the AL teams but the Yankees lost money on heavy travel expenses to Los Angeles last season, making two West Coast entries a financial necessity.

- Atlantic Coast Conference baseball teams will employ seven radical, game-speeding rule changes in first-round conference games this spring—part of a campaign to have college baseball included in the Olympic program.

- Two Southwest Conference basketball officials will be barred from athletics even if authorities now investigating fixing of games by officials are unable to get enough evidence to convict them in court.

DIP THE WHITE AND ROYAL BLUE

Records of American Thoroughbred racing history often have been too lenient in bestowing the awesome title of First Lady of the American Turf. One recipient who was not mistakable was Isabel Dodge Sloane, owner of Brookmeade Stable, who died last week in Palm Beach. Mrs. Sloane, an heiress of the Dodge

automakers, had an energetic passion for gracious living. She entertained one house party after another, most of them made up of tireless bridge players, in Palm Beach, Long Island and Saratoga. Although she never forced her tastes on her guests, anyone at a loss for something to do in the afternoon had only to follow his hostess in one direction: to the races.

There, since she acquired her first horse in 1924, Isabel Sloane sat through as many bad seasons as good ones, always rooting ardently for her silks of white and royal blue crossed sashes and never complaining when she lost. Her Brookmeade stable won \$8,940,679 between 1925 and 1962, and horses bred by her earned \$10,562,159 between 1935 and 1966. She won the Kentucky Derby with Cavalcade in 1934. She had a potential champion in Sailor and genuine champions in Sword Dancer and Best of Flowers.

Of many fine things we will remember about Mrs. Sloane the two best are her iron loyalty to Brookmeade employees and her firm adherence to the best sporting principles. A few years ago, when her longtime trainer, Preston Burch, retired to manage Brookmeade's Upperville, Va. farm, Isabel Sloane passed over many an experienced trainer to take on Preston's inexperienced son, Elliott. Less than six months later Elliott Burch saddled his first horse (Oligarchy) in a \$100,000 stakes (the Widener) and won it for the host lady.

The next year Sword Dancer lost the Derby by a nose to Tony Lee, and Brookmeade's jockey, Bill Boland, put in the first claim of foul in Derby history since 1880. Sold Owner Sloane to Trainer Burch as all of Churchill Downs went into a roaring, puzzled frenzy. "Who is claiming foul? Certainly I'm not. And besides I wouldn't want to win the Kentucky Derby on a foul." The claim was disallowed, relieving Mrs. Sloane of what might have been an embarrassing victory. Racing will miss its real "first lady."

PURSUIT IN THE SNOW

Moviemakers have always been fascinated by the idea of a chase on skis: plumes of snow flying out behind as a skillful skier hurtles over the mountains just ahead of his villainous pursuers. In 1932 Hannes Schneider, the great old Austrian skiermeister, made a film with this theme called *Der Weiße Rastch*. Some years later an American, Warren

continued



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Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Miller, did another one called *Skier Crazy*, starring a U.S. racer named Darrell Robinson. Last week the fiction became a reality. Somebody really did chase a skier.

The pursuer was a process server in the employ of Mrs. Jane Swope Brandt of New York, a woman determined to extract some alimony from her ex-husband, Robert Lee Brandt. Brandt was off skiing at Catamount, a Berkshire resort on the New York-Massachusetts line. The process server, undimayed, pursued him through the snow and hit him with a summons.

But now Mr. Brandt's lawyer contends that Mr. Brandt had wedded or related or snowploved or whatever across the New York line into Massachusetts before the server (who could legally function only in New York State) caught up with him. We're awfully glad we aren't the judge in this one. Any positive proof, like tracks, must be rapidly melting.

BACK IN THE SWIM

Yale's Payne Whitney Gymnasium has long been known as a Grade A finishing school through whose portals passed some of the finest swimmers in the world. For the last decade, however, as bigger universities jumped into the water, Yale's swimming reputation has been sinking. It reached a distressing low a fortnight ago when the varsity lost a dual meet to Harvard. Then in the first event of the final dual meet of the season last week the scoreboard over the Yale pool flashed "Yale 0, Visitors 7." But even though the vanity seemed headed for another licking, the undergraduates picking the galleries were noisy and joyful. Reason: the "visitors" in this final meet were the Yale freshmen—one of the best freshman teams in Yale history.

The freshmen won six of the 11 events, bettering six NCAA freshman records. As they used to say in Brooklyn (not Brookline), wait till next year.

THEY SAID IT

• Former Los Angeles Ram Dick Hoerner on plight of the NFL's tailenders: "Three out of five players want to be traded."

• San Francisco Giant Coach Wes Wrentham discussing baseball as the fan sees it: "It's like church. Many attend but few understand."

END



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THE REDS IS DEAD

In the most critical accident of spring training, Cincinnati's Gene Freese breaks his ankle (right) as he slides into second. Walter Bingham tells why Freese's injury and other mishaps have ruined the Reds' chance of winning the pennant again

by WALTER BINGHAM

On a raw and windy afternoon last week in Florida, Gene Freese, the regular third baseman for the National League champion Cincinnati Reds, came to bat in an intra-squad game and hit a looping single to right. When the outfielder booted the ball, Freese raced toward second. He started to slide as the throw came in, then changed his mind and tried to stay on his feet. But the spikes of his right shoe caught in the hard ground, spinning his body around so that he was facing first base while his foot was still facing second. Freese screamed and fell heavily near the bag as players rushed toward him from all parts of the field. He lay on his back, his hands clasped tight to his head. "Oh,



my God, my God," he sobbed. "It's broke. I broke the God damn ankle. Oh, no, no."

The next few moments were a horror of confusion. The team trainer cut the sock on Freese's right foot, revealing an ugly purple lump. Freese was in great pain, and some players knelt beside him trying to comfort him with soft words. Others milled about the outer rim of the circle, swearing or kicking at the ground. "Damn halfhearted slide," said Frank Robinson, the star of the team. "When you slide, you got to slide all the way."

A group of teammates picked up Freese tenderly and bore him back to the clubhouse, where they set him down



Jack Levine

on a table in the trainer's room to await an ambulance. Someone lit a cigarette and placed it between Freese's lips. Drops of sweat rolled off his forehead; the trainer wiped it clean with a wet towel. Manager Fred Hutchinson came in looking grim, dragging angrily on a cigarette.

"Feeling sick?" he asked Freese softly. Freese opened his eyes. "No," he said. Then he closed his eyes again. Hutchinson said nothing more. He stared at the two gray ice packs that had been placed on Freese's ankle to slow the swelling. He continued to stand there, silently staring at the ankle. The room was quiet except for the muted voice of a reporter somewhere in the dressing room, asking a telephone

operator to get him a line to Cincinnati. Hutchinson didn't move or shift his gaze.

What Hutchinson must have been seeing beyond the ice packs, beyond the shattered right ankle of his third baseman, was the end of the season before it had begun. In the well-balanced National League, in which four different teams have won pennants in the last four seasons, the loss of one player can be enough to send a team from first place to sixth. Such was Pittsburgh's misfortune last year. Champions in 1960, the Pirates lost their big winner, Vernon Law, when he developed arm trouble, and they finished sixth. Perhaps they might not have won again even if Law had been

continued

sound, but without him they never had a chance. Now, with Freese hurt, a Cincinnati sportswriter paraphrased Charley Decus's famous remark about the New York Giants and said, "The Reds is dead."

Gene Freese may not have been as vital to Cincinnati in 1966 as Vern Law was to Pittsburgh in 1960, but he was an important member of a team that needed top performances from almost everyone in the lineup in order to win the pennant. To be sure, he had some oddball tendencies. One day, having hit a meaningless home run, he skipped and danced around the bases in imitation of Bill Mazeroski's famous World Series-winning home run.

Freese brought with him from the American League a reputation as a scatter arm, but first baseman Gordy Coleman, himself a sketchy fielder, insists Freese didn't make many poor throws. "The nice thing about the bud's throws he did make is that they were over my head," Coleman said. "Some guys are always skipping them into your shoes." When Coleman roomed with Freese, it was a scare joke that there was no one calling their room because both of them had such bad hands they wouldn't be able to pick up the phone.

But Manager Hutchinson insists that Freese was a good fielder for Cincinnati. As a matter, the record shows Freese hit 26 home runs, and one of them was the single most important hit of the season for the Reds. The Los Angeles Dodgers had won the first two games of a four-game series in late August, to move within 1½ games of the first-place Reds. In the third game, the first of a Sunday double-header, the Dodgers had a 3-1 lead with two out in the seventh inning. It was apparent the Dodgers were about to sweep the series and take over first place. But with two out and two runners on base, Freese hit a home run and the Reds were back in the game 5-4. Freese had reversed the momentum, and now the Reds had it. They scored two more runs to win the game, won the next game easily, and were never seriously threatened again.

Now Freese, hero of the Reds' pennant drive, lay in agony on a table. It was the second blow to Fred Hutchinson's plans to get the team off to a fine start in spring training. The first was the prolonged holdout of Pitcher Jock Jay, a 21-game winner last season. Of the two events, it is possible that Jay's holdout may have a more damaging effect over the course of the season.

The holdout began in routine fashion, with Jay requesting a lot more money than General Manager Bill DeWitt was willing to offer. For a while Jay had the sympathy of his teammates, allies against a common enemy: the front office. Then Jay startled everyone by offering to buy his own contract from the Reds for \$150,000—an almost unprecedented move. DeWitt promptly rejected it, but the damage had been done. If Jay's offer was sincere, he was saying that he didn't want to play for Cincinnati. If the offer was insincere, he was just seeking publicity. In either case he lost the sympathy and support of many teammates.

As Jay continued to hold out at his home in Tampa, he wrung all publicity possible out of the impasse. When he announced he might quit baseball to attend to his oil wells in West Virginia, the public learned that he did,

indeed, have oil wells in West Virginia. There were stories about his chicken farm in Lutz, and pictures were published showing him running through his orange grove. One day when a reporter asked the Reds' publicity man, Hank Zarzick, if there was any news about the Jay situation, Zarzick replied tartly: "All the word comes from Jay. He's got a regular press headquarters in Lutz." Frank Robinson, kidding with Vada Pinson, said, "Guess we know what to do next year." He may have been only half joking.

Jay finally signed the day after the Freese accident, perhaps more than mere coincidence. "We both gave a little," Jay and DeWitt announced in the time-honored cliché of baseball bargaining. If the holdout caused any bitterness, it will only be revealed as the season progresses.

Some baseball men feel that Old Master Fred Hutchinson can solve any kind of personal or personnel trouble. The story goes that when Hutchinson was managing the St. Louis Cardinals, Frank Lane, the general manager, and Gamie Busch, the club owner, were both being openly critical of his decisions. Hutchinson called Busch and Lane together, locked the door and, in effect, told them both to shut up or get a new manager. They shut up, and Hutchinson managed the Cards into second place. He is a big and sometimes fierce man, and there are those who believe that he frightened the Reds into winning the pennant.

"No," said Jim Bruman as he changed shirts in the dressing room during a recent workout. "I've never been intimidated by Busch's size. What I admire about the man is his verbal acuity, his good choice of words." At that moment the locker room boy hurried in from outdoors. "Skip's



DISRUPTIVE HOLDOUT At Jock Jay (not left) was trouble enough for GM Fred Hutchinson (not below) Gene Freese broke his ankle.

coming," he said. Brown quickly tucked in his shirt and grabbed his glove. "Excuse me," he said. "He chewed somebody out yesterday for taking too much time." With that he hurried to the field.

Hutchinson started the spring-training season very much aware that one of the pitfalls of winning a pennant is complacency, a natural letdown following a major and successful effort. "It's hard to detect complacency in spring training," he told a Cincinnati reporter last week. "Spring training is a time of physical conditioning. Complacency is a mental attitude and it doesn't usually take hold until after the season has started. But we'll certainly be watching for signs of it."

Hutchinson's method of handling his team varies from player to player. Last year Gostly Coleman showed a definite distaste for pop-floos near the first-base railing. Finally he missed one that cost a ball game, and Hutchinson let him have it right in front of the team. "Goddam it," he yelled, "catch those balls." Thereafter Coleman gave foul balls a better try, perhaps on the theory that the railing was softer than Hutchinson. This spring Hutchinson, using a machine that shoots baseballs into the heavens, has been feeding Coleman an endless supply of foul balls near the railing.

In late August of last year, Joey Jay was relieved in the first game of a doubleheader. Upset, he doused and went home, even though there was a second game to be played and the team was short of pitchers. Hutchinson waited until the next day, then strolled out across the outfield to where Jay was standing alone, shagging flies. History does not

record what Hutchinson said, but Jay went on to gain recognition as one of Cincinnati's best pitchers as the team marched to the pennant.

"Hutch knows just the right approach with each player," said Coach Pete Whisenant recently. Whisenant has a new lucky bat ready for the 1962 season, having broken a number of lucky bats during the disastrous World Series. "With Pison," Whisenant said, "it's 'Vada, don't you think . . .'. When Coleman gets down on himself you have to remind him what a great hitter he is. You can kid Robinson. Kasko doesn't need anything. Jay has to be handled with kid gloves. Hutch knows how."

While Hutchinson can be tough with his players, he is also quick to defend them against outside trouble. Last year Jim O'Toole, Cincinnati's fine young left-hander, slid hard into third base against Milwaukee, and in the next moment he and Eddie Mathews of the Braves were grappling with each other. Hutchinson came yelling out of the dugout. Frank Thomas of the Braves tried to restrain him, but Hutchinson brushed Thomas aside and dove into the pile. Mathews was so surprised to see him he could only say, "Gee, Hutch, gee." The fight was over.

Perhaps this is what frustrated Hutchinson as he stood staring down at the broken right ankle of Gene Freese. It was something he was powerless to do anything about. He couldn't chew it out nor could he defend it with his fists. All he could do was look at it.

To replace the fallen Freese, Hutchinson must rely on one of three possibilities. First he will try Cliff Cook, 25, who has made brief appearances with Cincinnati during the last three years. Cook hit .311 in the American Association last season and won that league's Most Valuable Player award. This spring he held out briefly, finally agreed to terms by phone and left for Tampa just about the time Freese did into second. The next day, as he worked out at third base, Cook stumbled reaching for a ground ball and fell, not too gracefully. "Watch the ankle," said Shortstop Eddie Kasko grimly. If Cook can play third at Cincinnati as well as he did at Indianapolis, the Reds will miss only Freese's sense of humor. If he fails, Kasko will shift to third and Leo Cardenas, a 23-year-old Cuban who was a valued reserve infielder last year, will play short. If that doesn't work, Frank Robinson will move in from right field to third base. Robinson volunteered his services along with the hope that Hutchinson wouldn't have to take him up on it. Hutch probably felt the same way.

The ambulance came and took Freese away. The intra-squad game was resumed. An hour later, back in the clubhouse, General Manager DeWitt got a call from the clinic where Freese had been taken. He whispered the news to Hutchinson, then read from a slip of paper to the others in the room. "The doctors say they are going to operate immediately," DeWitt said. "The ankle is badly fractured and also dislocated. They'll have to repair a lot of torn ligaments inside."

The room was still. Finally one man said: "Once they get a cast on his ankle you'll be surprised how fast those ligaments can heal." No one answered. "They really do," said the man. Again no one answered. Fred Hutchinson gave him a long, hard look, then turned and walked out of the room.

END



Cousy asks: BASKETBALL— OR VAUDEVILLE?

by BOB COUSY
with JOHN UNDERWOOD

Basketball's most brilliant performer says having to play 140-plus games in one season makes dreary matters of fine athletes and drives many fans away in disgust

The last two months of the National Basketball Association's regular season were practically a waste of time. The season—and the incentive that goes with it—was already as good as done. We were dragging along playing out the schedule, culling on synthetic incentives, pride and tired legs to pull us through. Personally I was worn out; at that familiar point (this is not a new sensation) I think the whole league was tired and crippled and maybe a little bored. I rested alone in a New York hotel room before a night game with the Knicks, a game that would have few customers and prove nothing, and I thought, "If it were in my power, we would settle every game between now and the playoffs by flipping a coin."

Ours is not just The Long Season; ours is The Too Long Season. Ours is 17 exhibitions, then 80 regular-season games that serve only to eliminate three of nine teams for the hodgepodge of playoffs. And there can add up to as many as 19 more games. That's 116 in six months. I'm told it figures out to 4½ games a week and 90,000 miles of travel, an endless procession of hotel rooms and one-night stands. That's not basketball. That's vaudeville.

The consequences I believe to be evident: tired players susceptible to injury; inferior entertainment; overexposure to the public resulting in a falloff in attendance everywhere but the cities whose teams are on top or have had new success—like Cincinnati and Los Angeles. The others had a pretty good idea where they were heading many games ago—and it showed in the empty seats of Madison Square Garden and other arenas.

I don't believe anyone—owner, player or fan—will argue



that the caliber of play in the NBA in March is equal to that of November or December. It is a physical impossibility to maintain an edge over so long and so tough a grind. At the finish there's not much more to the game than running up and down the court and shooting. Defenses are out of gas. The fan who pays \$2.50 in March isn't, by comparison, getting his money's worth. In a sense he is being cheated. I feel this is unnecessary.

Before I go further, I ask you not to mistake my motives. In playing 12 years in this league, six as player representative, I have seldom spoken my mind unless I was sure I could build up and not tear down. I disagree with Syracuse's Dolph Schayes, who said last week that players should not criticize their league. In any good corporation you don't try to hide mistakes, you try to correct them. This is especially important in a business which is, in effect, a public concession. The result of any legitimate criticism should be an improved product. That is my only purpose in writing this. The game is a good game and the league a good league, and I am indebted to both. I have no ax to grind.

It would be naive, first of all, to think that the club owners are deliberately trying to ruin the sport. They make money only when the league prospers. They are the ones who must decide how often we should play in order to keep the budgets balanced. They say that fewer games would mean a cut in revenue. When we discuss shortening the schedule they say they are willing only if the players accept comparable cuts in salary. Thus, a stalemate.

I do not share their philosophy because I do not believe that, say, 60 games with good promotion and balance

would gross much less than 80 games jammed together and weakly promoted. In February we played 20 games in 28 days. This may be impressive mathematically, but physically it was a drain.

Let's be realistic. Both the Celtics and the Los Angeles team were off to good starts this year, and inside of two months there was really not much doubt of the outcome. As the season wore on, we continually faced games that didn't mean anything. As a fan, I certainly would have found my interest diminished. I much prefer to watch a spectacle where there's something at stake, not a no-matter-what contest of tired men.

How do you get up for a game when you're tired and there's no incentive? You don't, unless you're a fellow like Bill Russell or Bob Pettit who somehow sustains that proper combination of mental and physical fitness that separates the great from the good. Otherwise you are always looking for a spark—a bump from an opposing player, anything at all to keep you interested.

The playoffs that follow are practically a replay of the season. The owners say they need all these extra games to get some of the clubs out of the red, and maybe they are right. My belief is that a World Series between the divisional champions would be more meaningful, better accepted and equally as profitable. So it comes down to a difference of opinion, and mine may be foul all the way. If we played just 60 games and lost our shirts then we'd all be out of a job, and I'd be wrong the hard way. But if it is somehow proved that the owners are ruining the game for the sake of a few extra dollars, then the blame is theirs alone.

Consider what the drawn-out season does to the player. By conservative estimate, 30% of the playing personnel is now injured. Some are playing with injuries. The last time I noticed, Syracuse was dressing seven men. Seven out of 11. For three weeks prior to that, they had only eight. That is not unusual in our sport. When you play tired, you leave yourself open to injury. The knockout punch often comes to the fighter who is too weary to keep his guard up.

This has been my most weary season—a pulled ligament in the knee, a sprain on the elbow, a charley horse, pulled stomach muscles, a wrenching of the other knee and now a bruised hand. I've been shaking hands left-handed for a month. Fortunately, only the knee kept me out of any games. I've missed five. But my playing time was cut considerably—from about 38 to 40 minutes per game last year to 32 or 33.

Critics say there are many things wrong with professional basketball. Most often heard is that the scores are too high, that the ease with which teams make baskets is ridiculous. The contention is that the big men who can reach the basket standing flat-footed are squeezing the little men out (which they are) and taking the premiums off the field goal (also true), and the fan is sick of huge scores and the indefensible dunk shot.

Well, first of all, you can't legislate against the T-footer. It is bad enough he has to go through life with everybody staring at him. He should not be discriminated against in his chosen field, too. If you raise the baskets he still will be 12 inches closer than the 8-footer. Frankly, they've been

talking about the high scores since before I came into the NBA in 1950, and I'm inclined to think it a less serious problem than it is made out to be. I watched a hockey game go 20 or 30 minutes without a score the other night and was so frustrated I almost left the rink.

There are no goats, as such, in pro basketball. Wilt Chamberlain is a fine all-around athlete. Bill Russell was good enough in track to be considered for the Olympics. The Lovatones and the Pettits are just as agile and coordinated as the smaller men was a decade or so ago. When you've got Oscar Robertson or Jerry West or Richie Gaerin doing the same things better, who needs the 8-footer? Maybe we all mourn the passing of the exciting little player, but he has lost out to some unshakable logic: teams with good big men beat teams with good little men.

So you don't raise the basket. And you can't change the value of the field goal because that would foul up every existing statistic, and statistics are the lifeblood of sports publicity. What do you do in addition to trimming the schedule? I do not have a spectacular solution, but I feel there is one plausible answer: a re-emphasis on defense. The good defensive player is lost today under the deluge of points, points, points. He gets little credit.

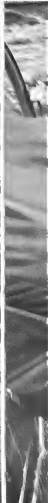
This concept has to change, and it must be changed from the very grass roots of the game—from sandlot on up. You don't realize the importance of defense until you see a guy like Russell, who plays it so well. Officials can do much to help the situation. Today the advantage is strictly with the offensive man. On the charge-block call, it is the defensive player who is most often penalized. I would rather see a closer watch put on the offensive player—for palming, for walking, for extra steps on jump shots. Cut down his advantage. The defensive player today is a vastly discouraged man, often afraid to perform routine duties for fear of being charged with a foul.

For myself I have thought about retirement every year for the past four. Right now I would say this was my last. Traveling has lost its glamour. I have several good opportunities open in public relations, which I enjoy, and there is the possibility of coaching—in college, where there's less travel and more gratification in seeing what you produce.

But, of course, the spring will come and then the fall and there will be time to talk to my legs and then I'll have to fight the urge to play again. If I could, I'd probably play the rest of my life. It's the timing that counts now. Knowing when to quit and still enjoy the prestige, like a DiMaggio or a Marcano. You can ruin it with one bad year.

We complain, of course, no matter what we do. Whether it's writing books or washing dishes. At the risk of sounding trite, I must say that basketball has given me everything, including a college education. And the NBA is a long way from going out of business—the pay is better than ever. But my kids are growing up and they are at the age—Marie is 11 and Mary is 9—when they're becoming aware their father is a bit of a freak. They enjoy it, but they'd like to have me home more. I can make it up to my wife in later years, but you can't do that with kids. They pass you by too quickly. They are like the big tall men who keep coming on and on.

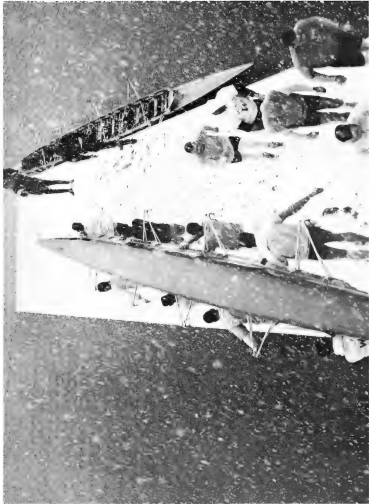
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Ban the Moose Bomb?

The wildly zigzagging King of the North shown here obviously would vote you. To him the whole bombardment must seem a crude practical joke aimed at besmearing his kingly coat—to say nothing of his dignity. But to the conservationist in the helicopter, who is about to leave a paint-filled Christmas tree bull as the royally retreating derriere, the "bombing" is a serious part of the annual migratory census. The paint streams help naturalists avoid duplication as they count and catalog the movements of the nation's animals. It will be small solace to this particular moose, but others may be comforted to know the bombardiers miss more often than they hit.





For watchers on the shorebanks from Herby to the Charles, rowing is a sport for spring, an escape for happy accidents in the grass. For the college galley daves it's a different matter entirely. Here, practicing as they have been all winter, are the rowers of the University of Washington. If they have cold feet, it's only at the thought of what Californians might do to any crew that missed a day out on the water.

Row in the Snow

2001 Season—Row in Snow

THE HOTTEST SPRING IN HOT SPRINGS

That's the forecast for this jumping Arkansas town where gambling is wide open, the track is fast and the fishing is fine

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Hot Springs, Arkansas was heating up. Sarge the Syrian was there, and so were Anselmo Slim, Nigger Nate, Bones Martin and The Dreamer, gamblers all. Atlantic City Red, the pool hustler, was there, though he kept denying his identity. "You're the 10th guy who's confused me with here," he said, feigning innocence. His confrere, Daddy Warbucks, was expected there any minute. Tiny, the "heavy man," or boomer, at The Vapors, was there, and the Round Man was out shooting at the golf course. Tommy Freeman, ex-welterweight champion of the world, was there, and so was a little geezer of 94, Cap'n Joe Pig-gott, who said he had been Teddy Roosevelt's bodyguard. Colonel Reed Landis, son of the late Judge Landis, the baseball commissioner, was there, and so was Len Warneke, who won 192 games for the Cardinals and Cubs. Texas millionaires were there, along with some moonshiners from the Pecos Kingdor in the hills near by. Chicago cloak-and-suiters were there, to say nothing of arbiters from St. Joe, Mo.

These and many more piled into the little city of 36,000 that struggles in a valley of the Ouachita (wosh-i-taw) Mountains. The most unusual spa in the United States, Hot Springs is also, pound for pound, the greatest sporting town anywhere. Last week marked the middle of the town's traditional spring season, and by all odds this

one shapes up as the hottest in history—unless the FBI interferes. The FBI, you see, was also there. The only people who were leaving were the carnival folk who winter in town; they were enroute bound for the Seattle World's Fair and other midways near and far.

Hot Springs, sometimes celebrated as the Paris of the Bible Belt, attracts characters and crowds galore because it has something for almost everyone. "Free Beer Tomorrow," flashes a neon sign over one saloon. At times it seems as though the town was dreamed up in a collaboration of W. C. Fields and the Mayo brothers. Besides legal betting on the horses at Oaklawn Park, there is illegal gambling—craps, roulette, chuck-a-luck, bingo, blackjack, slots, you name it—at the lavish casinos. There is bathing in the radioactive waters from the hot springs at the Quapaw and other bathhouses along the Row on Central Avenue, bow-and-arrow shooting at Crystal Springs, where the National Archery Association holds its annual championship, superb fishing in the nearby countryside, sailing and skin-diving at Lakes Hamilton, Catherine and Ouachita, championship cock-fighting not too far away, coon hunting in the mountains and good jazz in the Skyline Lounge, where John Pickett plays the piano, and the Black Orchid, where Charles Porter, piano, and Reggie Carvens, bass, hold forth until 5 in the morning.





A satisfied man when it comes to the track, Mayor Dan Wolf puts down \$2 show bet at Oaklawn Park.



Getting free spring water to bring home, this visitor from nearby Magnet Cove fills up at fountain.

Hot Springs has lured people since time began. Warring Indian tribes used to gather there in holy truce to partake of the waters bubbling from the earth. Legend has it that Ponce de Leon was really looking for these springs when he was chasing after the Fountain of Youth. In 1832 the U.S. Congress recognized the therapeutic value of the water by setting aside four square miles with the 47 springs as a federal preserve. As far as anyone knows, the water has always flowed steadily from its unknown underground source at a rate of almost a million gallons a day, with an average temperature of 143°. "An unrepeatable, unspokeable, awesome miracle," intones Nate Schoenfeld, a local lawyer and bath booster, braced at attention, hat over heart.

A National Parks Service plant cools the water to body temperature and pipes it into the bath-houses, where private concessionaires, operating under strict lease from the government, serve it up to customers by the tubful. The water not only has a favorable effect on arthritis, bursitis and rheumatism, but is also most relaxing for the visitor afflicted with anything since a hangover or the tensions of modern life. The peak of bliss comes when the attendant pulls the plug after your daily 15-minute soaking. As the water surges down the drain, you are plastered to the sides of the tub like a wet leaf on a carstone.

The reputation of the spa built the town of Hot Springs. It was one of the first spring training hotels for baseball teams. As early as 1886 the Chicago White Stockings repaired there to "boil out the alcoholic microbes" picked up from winter "bathing." Boxers came down by droves, from John L. Sullivan and Battling Nelson to Harry Greb and Jersey Joe Walcott.

In the 1930s and '40s Hot Springs was notorious as a sanctuary for gangsters on the lam. Pretty Boy Floyd stayed a spell, and so did the Alvin Karpis gang. They had the freedom of the city; indeed, a phone call from the mayor's office is reputed to have triggered the Kansas City massacre. The mayor was Leo Patrick McLaughlin, an evil rogue who refused to let the kids in town have a playground. He preferred that they continue to loiter in pool halls. Known as Doc's Jimmy Walker, Leo always sported a fresh carnation in his lapel, wore his hat brim up in front and down in back and paraded around town in a carriage drawn by two hackney ponies named Scotch and Soda. His only advice to the gangsters was, "Check your iron at the state line." He met his downfall in 1946 when a group of G.I.s, led by Sid McMuth, an ex-Marine officer who later became governor of the state, and Nate Schoenfeld, a onetime Syracuse halfback and Harvard Law

—LARRY GREEN

School graduate, rallied an independent party that defeated the crooked machine. The G.L.'s were reformers but not bluenoses. They closed down the gambling, purging it of Leo's cronies, but after McMath became governor it opened up again. The people wanted it that way. "The best way to govern," says Schoenfeld, who is not a gambling man himself, "is to do a hell of a lot of leavin' alone. The people are the ultimate repository

and two Negro clubs—the Atmosphere, run by huge Honey Tweedle, and the Carmo, operated by his pal, Bubba Page.

All the gambling houses in the city pay a local tax, \$300 a month for what the law defines simply as "a large place" and \$200 a month for "a small place." When the city fathers passed this law in 1958 they noted, "It is not the intention of the City Council to legalize any of the opera-



G.D. Sellers, known as the Round Man, has a sharp eye for staling up strangers.



His Hat checked, a craphooter gets set to roll his poker at the lively Belvedere.

of what the good God has put in them. The gambling is home-owned and operated. There's no hoodlum element, no oppression, no scam. No one forces himself on anyone else. There is no guy around here with greasy hair and a Mafia smile. The people are capable, clean, decent, friendly. This place reflects the quality, character and charm of all of us. This place has got roots. It's 24 hours of happiness."

At present there are three large gambling casinos in Hot Springs: The Vapors, the newest and plushest; the Belvedere, the biggest, just outside the city limits (free cab rides to and from); and the Southern Club, the oldest and most centrally located, just across the street from the Arlington Hotel. All have nightclubs. Jan Garber and his orchestra play regularly for dancing at the Belvedere throughout the season. In addition, there are about half a dozen smaller gambling places

and two Negro clubs—the Atmosphere, run by huge Honey Tweedle, and the Carmo, operated by his pal, Bubba Page. All the gambling houses in the city pay a local tax, \$300 a month for what the law defines simply as "a large place" and \$200 a month for "a small place." When the city fathers passed this law in 1958 they noted, "It is not the intention of the City Council to legalize any of the opera-

tions, but if same are conducted, taxes shall be paid." The tax money goes into the Hot Springs Municipal Auditorium and Civic Improvement Fund, and this year the city clerk expects to collect \$80,000. A few years ago the town, led by the local state senator, with the wondrous name of Q. Myrum Hurst, tried to get the legislature to legalize the gambling, but a handful of rural representatives helped beat the bill. By custom and tradition, the governor of Arkansas keeps hands off Hot Springs. The state needs the tourists for its economy.

A spokesman for the gamblers is Dane Harris,

continued



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been running open for years. People expect it and want it. This is strictly a local operation, has not been anything else and will not be anything else. This is a different type of element. Check the police records for the lack of prostitution and narcotics. Probably our own interest in gambling is more of an interest in it as a business than gambling for its own sake. It looked like probably one

violation of an interstate gambling law passed by Congress last September. Townpeople are hopeful that the federal agents will not find anything wrong.

"Our advice from our attorneys," Harris says, "is that this law is designed to combat the national syndicates with big operations, not local intrastate operations. And all of the investigations by



Lights are on late belated stamp blinds at the FBI office, where agents plot strategy.



Winner counts things prize money at the Belvedere while her mother sits with joy.

of the few things that could be big enough to build the town on."

The Vapors, which books such acts as Les Paul and Mary Ford, the Andrews Sisters and Jane Russell, has 200 employees, and Harris hesitates to think what would happen to them and the town, and his partners and himself, if the FBI brought a case against the casinos. "We're going to build a new auditorium here," he says. "If there were no funds from the amusement tax that would not be possible. The partners in The Vapors, the Southern and the Belvedere built a swimming pool for the colored people, which we operate free, and last year we built a white swimming pool here. It's the biggest blind pool in Arkansas, 6,000 square feet, and we also operate that one free."

So far the Department of Justice has not made any charges, but 40 to 50 FBI agents have joined the three in the local permanent bureau in seeking

the government—and we don't know what they show—have got to show that this is a local operation. We don't care how long they hunt, they can't show what's not there."

The swarm of agents has put an end to only one game in town, and that is not a game many people see. This is "the muscle game," a good old-fashioned crap game where the players bump heads with one another, not against a house. In former years the muscle game was held in Hot Springs during the season, and it attracted the top dice shooters in the country, if not the world. It was not uncommon to see \$100,000 in cash on the table for one roll.

Unlike the casinos, which are open the year round, Oaklawn Park, the racetrack, operates only seven weeks a year, in the spring. This meet is the backbone of the Hot Springs season. When the track, which opened February 17, closes on April 7 with the Arkansas Derby, the season will

continued

be formally over. The rest of the town will keep on running.

The track does a booming business, and toots thrive by the score. It may just be the magic of Hot Springs, but the toots there look more like toots than toots anywhere else. Five of them who hang together near the main gate, coats flapping, arms waving, their cries assailing the heavens, are so wild that they look like something out of *Man-Of-War*. The leader of this merry band has a wonderfully ruined and expressive face, but absolutely vacant eyes that give no hint of any inner life. "They look like the eyes in a stuffed animal," a fascinated track-goer remarked.

Undoubtedly the most unusual toot in town is a live hen known as The Pickin' Chicken. The chicken, a graduate of a local institution called the I.Q. Zoo (let's not stop to explain that), usually is stationed in a cage on Central Avenue down the street from the Southern Club. When a customer drops a quarter in the coin slot, a kernel of corn drops down a chute in the cage. But before the chicken can get the corn she has to pull a chain that marks a horse's name on a card that then pops out near the coin slot. Alas, The Pickin' Chicken is not on display this year because Keller Ireland, her owner and trainer, got sore when he had to spend \$150 for a toot's license for her last year. "This," he says, still irked, "is an interesting point in jurisprudence." One of those who miss the chicken is John Cella of St. Louis, the owner of Oaklawn and a former president of the Thoroughbred Racing Association. "Do you know what?" Cella said recently. "In the first 10 days of last year that chicken picked more winners than the *Racing Form's* Trackman."

As the only track for hundreds of miles in any direction, Oaklawn pulls in huge numbers of eager horseplayers, especially from Texas. The track even runs in three special trains from Texas during the season. But for some Texans that's not enough. Consider R. P. Bergfeld, a Dallas investment broker, no millionaire but a man who does things with a Texas flair. Bergfeld opens his Dallas office at 8:30 and conducts business until shortly after noon, when he goes to the airport to catch the 1:15 American Airlines flight to Little Rock, 300 miles due east. He lands at 2:18 in Little Rock, where a chartered plane and pilot wait to fly him back 50 miles due west to Hot Springs. There a limousine and chauffeur speed him to the track. He arrives in time to bet the fourth race—the third if the wind was right. He bets through to the eighth race, but he usually has to leave before it is run so he can catch the 5:35 Trans-Texas flight back to Dallas from Hot Springs. He eats on the plane, and by 7:30 he is home in bed watching television. "As long as you don't come up

"Got the horse right here!" say the toots advancing in formation as a would-be patron at Oaklawn.



Reed Lendis (left) and ex-Cardinal pitcher Lon Warneke are biggest boosters for the area's racing.

RACE SELECTION BY THE PICKIN' CHICKEN



A sure winner, literally speaking, pops up on the Hardcap stand with left arm The Pickin' Chicken.



here for blood, you're all right," Bergfeld says.

Oaklawn itself is a charming little track with a nine-hole golf course in the infield. Golfers played there opening day, but they are usually barred when the races are on for fear a slice will cork a horse. Flanking the old wooden clubhouse are glass-enclosed, steam-heated grandstands. "The first in the world," says Cella proudly. Ordinarily Cella is a traditionalist: instead of using a car to haul the starting gate around he uses a team of Clydesdales.

Although Cella has been coming down to Hot Springs for years, he never fails to be delighted by the varieties of life on exhibit in the town. "I don't know of any place like it," he says. "It has a unique flavor all its own." As a case in point he cites the sermon Father Mac, the assistant pastor at St. John's, delivered at Mass a couple of Sundays ago. From the pulpit, Father Mac said he had been out at the track a few days before and noticed a man who kept staring at him after one race. Finally the man came up to him and said, "Father, you cost me \$100." "How could that be?" asked Father Mac. "Well, Father," the man said, "when the horses were parading to the post I saw you blessing the No. 9 horse. I bet him, and he finished last." "Son," said Father Mac, "I wasn't blessing him—I was giving him the last rites."



The flavor of the town not only extends to but permeates the Hot Springs Golf and Country Club, where the annual Hot Springs Open is played in May. Only this country club could have a teaching pro like Gib Sellers, a onetime golf hustler known as the Round Man. For years the Round Man hustled with the best, often as a baby-faced kid in partnership with Titanic Thompson, the great con artist. When they traveled through the Midwest together, Thompson liked to set up the suckers for killing by airily pointing toward Sellers, who had only two words in a dilapidated bag, and saying, "I'll just take that kid over there and play you two guys."

A Hot Springs native, Sellers practiced hour after hour on the local course, trying to look bad, and he trimmed everyone who came in for a game, even the other hustlers. "No hustler ever came in here and went away happy," he says with a smile. "They all got beat here. There wasn't a player in the world who could beat me here. I shot that thing anywhere from six to eight under par. My best round was a 62, playing five guys low ball."

When not hustling, the Round Man played with the gangsters who used to frequent Hot Springs in battalion strength. "They all had a truce when they came here," he says. "They were real gentlemen here." The best golfer among them was a gent known as Phil—he used sundry last

names—who shot around par. Joe Adonis was in the high 70s, Ralph (Bottles) Capone around 80, Frank Costello between 80 and 82 and Lucky Luciano high man with 95.

For those visitors who eschew golf or gambling, there is fishing the year round. (In the fall there is wild turkey shooting in the mountains.) Lake Ouachita, a nine-year-old 48,000-acre man-made stretch of water, is only 10 miles away. Colonel Reed Landis operates the Brady Mountain Lodge there, one of the few resorts in the wilderness area stretching back from the 975 miles of shoreline.

The colonel's prices are low (\$10 a day for a room for two), and he can supply everything from tackle to a boat and a guide. Being now are bass (smallmouth, largemouth and Kentucky), crappie, bluegills, walleyes, pickerel, catfish and ocean striped bass that were planted there in a novel experiment five years ago. The strippers, protected until last year, run up to 16 pounds. Colonel Landis has fished all over the country, and he says he just had to retire near Hot Springs because the fishing couldn't be matched. "When our fishing is ordinary," he says, "I don't know any place in the United States where it's as good. I've never seen anything as consistently comforting as this lake."

Fishermen desiring to go on a float trip down the Ouachita or Buffalo rivers can hire Lon Wanneke, the old pitching star and National League umpire. Lon, who was raised in Mount Ida, a small town back in the mountains, has retired from umpiring and now lives in Hot Springs. Years of fishing and pitching have made him a marvelously accurate caster. He can hit a half dollar from 50 feet.

A float trip costs \$25 a day, and Lon furnishes everything: transportation, the boat, food and himself. "I do it more for fun than anything else," he says. He has a Ouachita River float down to a science. When he floats it alone he spends the day following an oxbow bend. Just as the sun sets, he pulls ashore and from there it is only a five-minute walk through the woods to where he parked his truck in the morning.

Everything considered, there isn't anything in the world like Hot Springs—or the people in it. This is not to say the town couldn't be improved. Part of it could use a couple of coats of paint; there are junky signs and assorted clutter disfiguring some of the land around Lake Hamilton; and a local restaurant may rear a good meal by serving the Chiari ice-cold. But perhaps it would be better not to tamper with Hot Springs, and that goes for the FBI, too. As Nate Schoenfeld says, "We have beauty. We have many things no one else has. We want to share it with all the world. We invite you."

END

Rugby is a rough game that started in England in 1823 when a frustrated British soccer player picked up the ball and ran with it. The sport found its way to the U.S. in the 1870s, but

A ROUGHHOUSE REBIRTH FOR RUGGER

languished. Now it is enjoying a rebirth. Next weekend some 24 clubs and college teams in the

West are expected to take part in the fourth annual Monterey Peninsula Tournament. At right, two of last year's semifinalists, USC and the San Francisco Olympic Club (striped jerseys), leap for the ball in a line-out, similar to an out-of-bounds play in basketball

Photographs by Wy Peskin





Brawny USC (red) and UCLA players, arms about teammates'



waists, clash in a scrum during the 1961 Monterey tournament



Stanford's Kyrk Reid holds the spoils of victory: a trophy and pretty Pam Peterson



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WHY I PRESCRIBE MARATHONS FOR MILERS

Within the last two years runners from sparsely populated New Zealand have broken no less than eight world records. Behind this astonishing success is the teaching of an athletic iconoclast, Arthur Lydiard, who sets for his pupils the world's hardest training regimen. He will, he says, gladly match it against any other method yet developed. In the article below Lydiard describes in detail his rigorous theories of narcess and suggests that even businessmen should run for their money.

by ARTHUR LYDIARD

My training system is not the super-human thing it's made out to be. In fact, I don't know how this business about pushing back pain barriers or driving beyond points of collapse ever got started. My system is as simple as it is effective: build up your endurance through marathon running.

In theory, I am trying to develop my runners until they are in a tireless state. In practice, this means I am trying to give

them sufficient stamina to maintain their natural speed over whatever distance they are running. Stamina is the key to the whole thing, because you can take speed for granted. No? Look here. Everybody thinks a four-minute mile is terrific, but it is only four one-minute quarter miles. Practically any athlete can run one one-minute quarter, but few have the stamina to run four of them in a row. How do you give them the necessary stamina? By making them run and run and run some more, until they don't even think in terms of

miles. There is no psychological magic and no pain barrier involved. It is merely a process of gradual conditioning.

My method is designed solely for middle-distance and distance runners, not for sprinters, and the results indicate that it is the best method around. My athletes have dominated middle-distance running in New Zealand for years. Twelve of them have represented New Zealand in international competition. Two of them, Murray Halberg and Peter Snell, are Olympic champions. Halberg also holds the world

continued

ON RECENT VISIT TO U.S., NEW ZEALAND COACH LYDIARD (RIGHT) LEADS PETER SNELL AND MURRAY HALBERG ON GIBRALTAR TOUR



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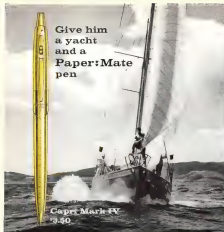
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EYDARS continued

two- and three-mile records and Soell, as you know, broke four world records—mile, half mile, 800 meters and 1,000 yards—in three weeks. That's pretty fair cracking, and Peter will tell you gladly that marathon training is responsible.

Despite the success of marathon training, most of the world's coaches do not use it. They rely solely on repetition or interval training. That is, they make the runners do a fast quarter, then a slow quarter, or a series of sprints, over and over. They do their work on a running track, trying to build up speed. But this type of work does little to build up stamina, which is far more important. We run on the roads, over the hills for 20 or 30 miles. After this, a mile or two-mile race is a lark; it is no problem at all. So what happens? Coming down the stretch, a man like Snell can sprint. He can turn on all his speed. A man like, say, George Kerr, who is much faster, cannot do it. He doesn't have the stamina to use his speed when he needs it.

The sign is shiny

There is another problem in repetition training. Athletes trained under it do not know when they will hit their peak. Take England's Gordon Pirie, for example. A top distance runner. But when the big meets—like the European championships or the Olympics—came up he could only hope to be ready for them. The way he trained, he could never be sure. If there is an art to this business, this is it: to be in peak form on the big day. We let the mugs have the unimportant races. We point for the big ones.

Zatopek is a good example of the failure of sole reliance on repetition training. As a national coach, he can tap the whole potential of Czechoslovakia. But where were his men at the Rome Olympics? They didn't win a thing. Yet most coaches still will not believe any system is the right one. One result is that a good many fine prospects have been ruined by excessive speed work and by trying for quick results. That is a shame, but the coaches' stubbornness doesn't bother me. I couldn't care less what they think. I'll let the results speak for themselves.

All my runners, even the half-milers, are basically marathon men. Just before Christmas last year Seel and Halberg entered a regular marathon race. Halberg finished second. Seel took it pretty easy but turned in a good time. Within eight weeks of that race he ran the mile that

Keywords: *work, stress, coping, organizational commitment, organizational citizenship*

OTHER VIEWS OF THE LYDIARD WAY

At the invitation of Sports Illustrated, star milers, coaches and a director of fitness research comment on the New Zealand coach's unique system of marathon training



HERB ELLIOTT, *Australian, former world mile record holder:* "This supposed extension of endurance implies a barrier which is an mythical as the four-minute mile. If a man has reached the final point of his endurance, he collapses. That's what the term means. If someone claims to have gone beyond it, he hasn't reached it yet. You've just got to have the potential and to train yourself so you get the very most out of what you've got. Obviously, Sealf has done that. But there is no nerve. Lydiard can't drive him beyond the limits of endurance because only the man himself really knows his limits. And he's no runner unless he pushes himself to the limits."



PERCY CERUTTI, *Australian, coach of Mark Evans:* "Lydiard is using the same theory as my own. I call it breaking through the pain barrier. He runs beyond himself in the first quarter of a mile race, say, a new release of energy will come later. Afterwards, of course, he will pay a terrible price for it. He will be in a state of complete collapse. But even that isn't dangerous. I do it, I'm 67 and it's never harmed me. Lydiard and I do have differences in our methods. I'm a much less agreeable bloke with my runners. Lydiard kids his along and gets tremendous loyalty from them."



MINNIE FINKELSTEIN, *U.S., Washington-born coach of Jim Beatty and Les Goffe:* "It's better to run on the track. I look at Peter Sealf run in Los Angeles. I am sure I know how he trains and it is not all marathon running. It is needed other kinds of training to make great runner. Some have speed, some stamina, but very few have both. It is needed to know which a runner has to build up. You find out by watching each runner, by taking his times and deciding which is best course of training."



THOMAS CUREYON, *U.S., director of the physical fitness research laboratory, University of Illinois:* "All-out work never hurt anybody. I've done it even with middle-aged men. When a man does an all-out exercise he simply rests before doing it again. Many are afraid to go real hard. When a man feels aches and pains he is apt to think he's going all-out. He isn't. Sealf has probably trained his tissues to stand high-lactic acid in critical moments. His tolerance of tired makes this possible. He didn't do this quickly. I've never known any serious injuries from all-out training, but the coaches are scared of it."



JIM BEATTY, *U.S., world indoor mile record holder:* "Many times in my own training, I felt I couldn't do more, but the human spirit can always do more. There's no magic formula. You can't say, 'Wow, all of a sudden Sealf is great.' Look what happened a year and a half ago. He won the Olympics. He was almost in world-record shape then. He's been building ever since. You have to be able to train straight through for two years or more. If you're injured or have to lay off for some reason, you have to go back and start from scratch."



FRANK STAMPL, *Austrian-born coach of Roger Bannister:* "You push the athlete to the point where he thinks he's done enough. If you, the coach, think he can do more than you try to make him do it. But there is a limit to what you can do with tired, exhausted athletes. What I do is measure and time everything an athlete does. I set a work limit for him, and as soon as he achieves it I move it up a notch. Lydiard's method might take four or five hours daily. My training is more intense, less in volume. In either case, the answer to middle and distance runners is more and more hard work."



DR. ROGER BANNISTER, *England, first four-minute mile:* "Lydiard's methods are not an absolute departure. Let's remember he was fortunate enough to strike upon a most accomplished athlete in Sealf. Also, whether he appreciates it or not, Lydiard understands the psychological barriers which must be approached and overcome in a venture of this sort."



JIM ELLIOTT, *U.S., track coach at Villanova:* "A college coach has to take a different approach to conditioning. Scholastic progress comes first, track second. But if I were doing the same type of coaching as Lydiard, I'd have no quarrel with his methods. If a boy has to do it concentrate on his running, he can be worked like Sealf. Ron Delany would be Sealf's match with similar training."



BILL BOWMAN, *U.S., track coach at the University of Oregon:* "Lydiard is reasonable, and he plans his workouts carefully. He studies his man and knows at the volume of work he can do according to this knowledge. The man might not think he can do this kind of work, but Lydiard knows better."



TED HAYDON, *U.S., track coach at the University of Chicago:* "Every description I've heard about Sealf is that he's strong as a horse. Did he get that way through workouts, or was he that way before he started to run? The state of exhaustion for one man may differ from that for another. When Roger Bannister ran his second record mile in Vancouver, he staggered all over the track. Yet Lindsay, after running almost as fast, was bouncing around, fresh as a daisy."

broke the world record. That is what marathon training can do for you.

When a chap comes to me and says he wants to run, I tell him to put on his shoes and move out for five or 10 minutes, then turn around and come back. I can tell right away what kind of shape he is in. If he is a novice, I increase his running time gradually, not each day, but as he gets stronger, until he can go an hour out and an hour back. If he is experienced, I start him higher and move him along faster. But the principle is the same—develop physical endurance for the grind that lies ahead. Then we go up into the hills and run on the roads. We spring up one side of the hill and stride out down the other, and the miles roll by. At their peak the boys do 100 miles a week and they run every day of the year. I used to run with them all the time, but I am an administrator now and let boys like Halberg and Snell and Barry Magee act as my subcoaches.

Rain, hail and horse tracks

Most of our work is done on roads, but we do a certain amount on all types of firm and soft surfaces. That keeps the legs flexible, and avoids things like shin sores and calf injuries. In our late autumns and winter months, for instance, we run cross country. New Zealand gets a fair bit of rain then so this can be miserable, with hail and rain pounding down on you on a cold winter evening. We also train on horseracing courses. The sliding and slipping on the soft ground strengthens the calf muscles. Then, too, on a dark night a fellow can follow the rail round the course.

Four to six weeks before a big race we move onto a regular running track. By this time the boys have their conditioning. They are lean, fit and loose. Now all they need is some fast work to bring themselves up to racing pitch. They gradually increase the tempo of the training by starting 220s in, say, 30 seconds, then cutting them to 25 seconds. They also alternate between running short and medium distances. This is how we use repetition training, not as the sole means of making a man racing-fit but simply to add the finishing touches to stamina already built by marathon running. About 10 days before the race we begin to taper off, and on the last day take a nice, easy three-mile jog.

To the average coach, spending so little time on the running track is bloody

—LYONARD

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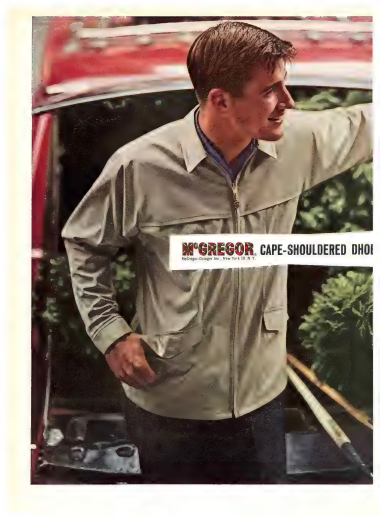
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'62
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LYNARD *continued*

scandalous. But consider this. Before our European trip last summer the boys had only four weeks of speed work. Yet they lost just two races—both by inches—in six weeks. In Dublin they set a four-mile-a-day record with a team that had not worked at bayon passing and did not include a single real miler (on the team were half-milers Snell and Gary Philpott, two-and-three-miler Halberg and marathon man Mugele).

Weight lifting is very much the thing in track and field these days, but I do not bother with it. I am not against any form of exercise, but for distance runners weight lifting is not an efficient means of training. We do use calisthenics a bit, particularly the high-kicking type favored by ballet dancers, to loosen up and stretch the muscles. There is nothing regular about our use of them, however, and I would bet that Halberg doesn't do any at all.

Pelicans are not

I do not impose a food or sleep regimen of any kind. Sleep is up to the man himself; he is usually so tired he falls into bed without any pushing. He also trains so hard he diets subconsciously. Most of the boys like plenty of eggs and good, fresh meat. We eat a lot of ice cream. We have an occasional glass of ale, too. But never any hard liquor and rarely any pastry stuff. On the day of a race one chap may have eggs, another baked beans, but they both run well.

I don't worry about any of these things because, for distance men, nothing can match steady running. When we are working out on a track we never go to training in an automobile. We always jog over, which often means two or three miles going and two or three miles back. I forget about form, too. If a joker throws his arms around, that's fine, so long as he is fit and relaxed. Then he runs smoother and easier, and form takes care of itself. We want the chap who can run for two or three hours and come back looking as fit as he did when he went out. It is not very difficult, you know.

I do not use much psychology, either. In the initial period, of course, you have to encourage the man to help him over the mental barrier of running 20 miles. The rest is pretty much up to him. I don't want fellows who have to be coaxed along. That is why I never go after a runner. I make him come to me

and ask for help. Then I have got the upper hand.

Coaching champions is only part of my program in New Zealand. For several years I have been going around to men's clubs to talk about the physical benefits of running. Take a typical middle-aged fellow who gets no exercise. If you told him to do some press-ups, he could probably knock out half a dozen and get up without being exhausted. But if you told the same chap to run down the road for half a mile, he couldn't make it back under his own power. After repeated running his breathing and stamina will improve remarkably, and his pulse rate will come down, possibly from a normal 70 or so to around 45 in six months. Maybe only two or three businessmen are willing to try running at first. But pretty soon others are doing it, discovering what a fine way it is to keep healthy and fit. I have the teen-age boys around home running, too. They see my athletes going 20 miles, so they think nothing of going 20 themselves.

Speed is the limit

People want to know what the limit is to all these records. Sometimes I think they would feel more secure if they knew there was a limit. I have already predicted that Peter Snell will be running the mile in 3:48 within two years. If I can get good material, like so many coaches get, there is no telling what I can do. Ideally, I would like to have a good, powerful sprinter, a fellow who has not only great speed but the strength to stand up under marathon training with the proper coaching. Who knows how fast he could run the mile or half mile?

New Zealand has never produced much in the way of sprinters. Anyway, I doubt that I would want a full-time coaching job there. The country is too small to produce enough first-rate material, and the coaches are too jealous of success. But if I could get full security for my family I would take a job anywhere in the world. I would be happy to coach in the States. You haven't done anywhere near as well as you can in middle-distance and distance running. With the great sprinters and general talent you have, I would have no difficulty within two or three years of getting Americans right up top in both these areas. I couldn't miss. You don't realize what you have got. The thing is, it is not facilities that make the champion. It is the will to get on with the job. **END**

Sir Frank's new baby

On her first day out of the yard, the Australian challenger looked sleek and promising, but Designer Alan Payne was making no predictions

Two months ago Australia's premier naval architect, Alan Payne, tried to put down yachtsmen's curiosity about the 12-meter skunk he was designing to challenge for the America's Cup: "I have not made any brilliant discoveries." Later he added, "To the layman, she will look very much like *Columbia* and *Vin*."

Then, early this month, the boat was unveiled at a launching party in Sydney Harbor. Her crusty owner, Sir Frank Packer (88, Feb. 26), grabbed the wheel to take the boat, christened *Grevel*, for her first sail (right), and American experts grabbed every photograph they could get of the Aussie challenger to see if Payne had put anything over on them.

As the pictures on these pages show, there are a number of ways in which *Grevel* differs both from the present cup champion, *Columbia*, and from *Vin*, once a potential defender of the cup but now under charter to Packer as a trial horse for *Grevel*. The big question, of course, is whether or not these differences will add up to a good boat or simply will produce another boring humiliation like that suffered by the English *Seymour* in the 1958 races.

Last week one of *Grevel*'s helmsmen, Archie Robertson, a Sydney auto salesman, predicted boldly that *Grevel* would be "faster than *Vin* in all conditions." That would be mighty fast, since in 1958, after an entire summer of trials, *Vin* lost to *Columbia* by only 12 seconds in the final race to determine who would defend the cup. But Payne himself still is being understandably observant: "Whether it's any good we can't tell for a good, long time." **END**



UNIQUE DECK GEAR—hatches, winches, and small other objects, many of which are connected to winches from below decks, find their tracks for jibs, sheets and main-ropes, mainsails. Sir Frank Packer will drive *Grevel* through her first sailing test.



FLAT STERN SECTIONS (right) and forward placement of rectangular rudder caught eye of U.S. Designer Olin Stephens, crossed Canadian Sherriff's No. 1 sailing coach for *Columbia*, to guess that *Grevel* "ought possibly have an advantage on a reach or a run."

"GREVEL'S" HIS design appears more conservative, with an lot of small winches, and (left) bow is very similar to *Columbia*'s. In first test, challenger's mainmast failed to break; *Columbia*, now, sail has just been ordered from Roney & Lapham in City Island, N.Y.



How to concede and win

Conceding short putts in the big amateur match-play tournaments is seldom a haphazard business. My practice as an amateur was always to make my opponent putt the short ones on the first couple of holes, concede them in the middle of the match and then, when the match was tight in the closing holes, make him putt them again. The reason for this is simple. On the first two or three holes the short putts are harder because nobody has settled down. In the closing holes of a tight match, they can be harder still if you haven't had to try putting for a dozen or so holes. The hole is suddenly going to look as small as a thimble and your putter will feel about as secure in your hands as a live snake. In the finals of the 1959 North and South Amateur at Pinehurst I was playing Gene Andrews, a pretty shrewd golfer from California. It was a tight match, and we were both fighting hard to build a margin by lunchtime. The match was even on the 15th and I needed only to drop a two-foot putt for my par and a 1-up lead. But Gene, instead of conceding, just walked to the next tee. I blew the putt, and the match was still tied. I won the 16th, and on the 17th, a par 3, I had my chance. I was in the hole in par and all Gene needed was a two-footer for a half. I just stood on the edge of the green and didn't say a word. Suddenly he had to make a putt he hadn't tried all morning. He missed it, and I took a vital 2-up lead in to lunch. I certainly needed it, because I had to sink a six-foot putt on the 36th to win the match, 1 up. In a week or more I will discuss a related subject—learning from your opponent's shot.

Growing by Francis Golson



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HARVARD'S CANADIAN BREAKS AWAY FROM TWO DETERMINED PRINCETON DEFENDERS

Harvard recruits a hockey player—or does it?

Gene Kinasewich, Harvard's star hockey player, almost had to quit the game to get an education

It won't surprise anybody much to learn that the best all-around college hockey player in the U.S. is a Canadian. The surprising fact is that he is playing for Harvard. Hockey has been a high-status sport on the banks of the Charles River ever since 1895, when the Harvard boys called it "ice polo." But Harvard, unlike most U.S. colleges, has for the most part made do with U.S.-born players. The official university attitude—like that of the entire Ivy League—is one of stern disapproval of open recruiting of foreign talent—particularly from Canada's frankly salaried Junior A leagues.

Nevertheless, one of Harvard's best hockey teams in years has just achieved an Ivy League championship with the aid of Gene Kinasewich, of Edmonton, Alberta, who played what amounted to professional hockey in Canada for two years before reaching Cambridge. He

came to Harvard, in fact, not expecting to be allowed to play hockey at all.

An orphan with eight brothers and four sisters, a slim financial future and a special skill on skates, Kinasewich as a boy almost took it for granted that he would someday become a professional hockey player. In his sophomore year at Edmonton's Victoria Composite High School he joined the local Junior A league team and scored 25 goals and 20 assists during his first season.

"We got paid," Kinasewich admits. "But no more than other kids in school who had part-time jobs. Those of us who played hockey weren't allowed to take other jobs because it interfered with practice. Actually I made more money in grade 9 working in a grocery store and delivering newspapers than I ever did playing hockey. Maybe our definition of amateurism is different."

Whatever the semantics of the case, by the middle of his junior year in high school Kinasewich had become a star with true major league potential and had been approached by scouts who encour-

continued



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HOCKEY *continued*

aged him to aim for a professional career. Then in December 1956 he met Jim Lombard, a Boston youth and a self-appointed recruiter who later became Harvard's hockey manager. Lombard, who was already a rabid Harvard fan, made it his business to sell Kinasevich on the virtues of combining hockey with a Harvard education, then, with the help of some Harvard alumni, figured out a way to shoehorn him into the university. Everyone agreed that a vital first step would be to spend a year in a U.S. prep school. To implement this plan, Kinasevich applied for a scholarship at Deerfield Academy in Deerfield, Mass. The school rejected him but suggested that he reapply after taking his senior year at Edmonton. Undaunted, Kinasevich wrote back that he wanted an education much more than a hockey career. However, he pointed out that he could not afford to turn down a pro offer and then he rejected by Deerfield the second time around.

Seemingly impressed with this argument, and with Gene's academic zeal, Deerfield changed its mind. To repay its faith in him, the young scholar thereupon scored 91 points (48 goals and 43 assists) in 18 games for the school's hockey team, won his letters on the soccer field and the baseball diamond and was elected treasurer of his class. In the spring of 1960 he applied for an academic scholarship at Harvard, on the basis of marks and need, and was accepted—with a warning from the dean that he would almost certainly be declared ineligible for the hockey team. "It was hard for me to think of staying four years in college without hockey," says Gene, "but it would have been ridiculous to pass up a Harvard education."

Jockey for Gooney

The dean's gloomy prediction held true for a year, but at the start of Kinasevich's sophomore season the Ivy League committee on eligibility was persuaded to review his case. Because of the "quality of his academic performance during freshman year" the committee apparently decided that the young man meant what he said about preferring an education and that Harvard had not lured him under false pretenses to play hockey. Since the committee was satisfied that no one concerned cared about hockey, it decided Kinasevich should be allowed to play as a reward. The immediate result was a Harvard hockey sea-



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son of 20 wins and four losses, and something like a jackpot hit for Harvard coach Ralph (Cooney) Weiland, a one-time Boston Bruin.

Cooney is a laconic man, but he glows when he discusses Kinasewich. "I know a good Canadian when I see one," Weiland says, "and I don't see many as good as this one. He's got a lot to learn, but he's a natural forward with a defenseman's brains, and he keeps his head up. He's got speed and balance, and he's probably the best shooter I've ever coached."

Reared in the wide-open Canadian style, Harvard's young star has found it hard to adapt to the more cautious collegiate game of position and team hockey. "Back home I was taught to break for the goal the moment we got the puck," he explains. "My center could always dump the puck on my stick. I never had to hold back."

The halfback

This strategy didn't work at Harvard. At the beginning of the season the new wingman was shaking loose on every rush, but his line could never keep up with him. Weiland broke his frisky colt by switching him to center. "It calmed him down and he's learned how to control the puck better," says Weiland. As a playmaking center Kinasewich himself scored fewer goals, but with his help his teammates began scoring many more. His right wingman, Tim Taylor, a junior from South Norick, Mass., has converted enough Kinasewich passes into goals to become a top individual scorer in his own right. Before Kinasewich came, Taylor had only one goal and 6 assists in 20 games. Though most spectacular on a freewheeling sortie down ice with the puck, Kinasewich is just as effective on defense as he is on offense. At center ice he often skates in lazy circles, waiting like a vulture for the opportune moment to dart in and flick the puck away from an oncoming forward attacker with a deft movement of his stick. If Kinasewich has a fault at all, according to Cooney Weiland, it is his nonchalant habit of holding his stick in one hand when he takes the puck. The other hand is used to fend off defensesmen. Growls Weiland: "Hell, you'd think he was a halfback."

"I'd like to give Kinasewich his head," moans the Harvard coach, "and he could score more goals if I did. But it's too risky when you've got one outstanding Canadian and an average bunch of American players."

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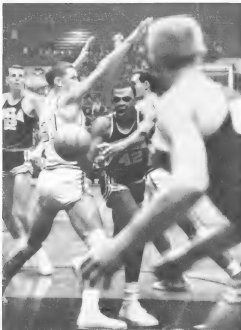
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Wizards in the Land of Oz

With help from a magical guard, a poet and a school principal, UCLA surprised the West and became the most intriguing entry in the NCAA basketball championship



Los Angeles, that bizarre city where clouds are sky-blue sharkskin and the air is gray flannel, is perpetually surprising. The weather gets so dry that 450 plush homes burn in brush fires. Then it gets so wet that mud slides hit the homes the fire missed. Dress is a casual matter; it has become necessary to put signs on escalators warning people with bare feet to stay off. Money is taken casually, too. A basketball coach who once let an avid fan sit on the team bench through a game was promptly offered a new house by the appreciative rooter. "Thank you, but no," said the coach. Whereupon the man signed his name to a blank check, handed it to the coach, said, "You fill in the amount," and left. (The coach, an unreconstructed Easterner in spite of several years in the Land of Oz, tore up the check.)

But even considering the locale, it seemed beyond suspecting that UCLA, a good bet for a poor fourth in the Big Five, could become a team capable of crushing all its classy western opposition.

Early in the season the Bruins did not look tough enough to crush a mango. By the first of January they had lost seven games, and won only four. Little Creighton had beaten them, and an ordinary Brigham Young team did it twice. The Bruins had no height, no center, no muscle, no poise, no experience, no substitutes and no chance. Since then the same team has won 12 of 14, taken a conference championship

"EAST COAST" Hazzard outwitted and/or impossible pass to wide-open John Green.

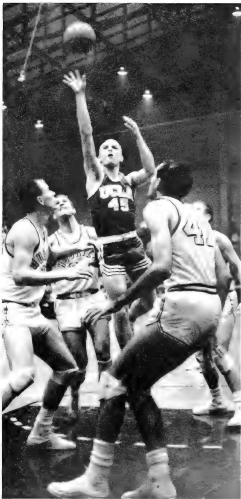
and become a strong West Coast representative in the NCAA tournament at Providence week. "You might say," observes UCLA Coach John Wooden, "that I am pleasantly surprised." Everybody else is dumbfounded.

Back in December lecturing, John Wooden was standing around at a Los Angeles cocktail party while the press was eagerly interviewing representatives of such national powers as West Virginia, Purdue, USC and Ohio State. When someone did happen to ask Wooden what he thought of his team he said, with hardly a trace of a smile, "We're a running club, you know. Of course we don't always bring the ball with us when we run. Yes, I have a guard who is an excellent passer. He may not throw the ball where someone can catch it, but he throws it beautifully." Wooden is a native of Indiana with a sense of humor as dry as straw in a barn. He is a licensed high school principal, holder of a Master's Degree in English, abjurer from the use of the slightest profanity and a church deacon. He is also an excellent and observant basketball coach. "We're not actually as bad as we look," he said quietly a couple of times. Nobody listened to that.

No wonder. At one forward UCLA had Gary Cunningham. Just over 6 feet 5 and just under 190 pounds, Cunningham is frail as corn silk at his best and at that time he was recovering from pre-season flu. He had a fine jump shot, but he also had a lot of trouble getting clear to take it. He seemed so light when he charged in for a rebound, somebody had to rebound Cunningham.

At the other forward was Pete Blackman, an intelligent, peace-loving English major who made Cunningham seem like a broad-shouldered tiger. Blackman weighs a mere 180, stands 6 feet 5, is aptly nicknamed Spider and writes poetry. He started the season with a three-page epic in a Camelot mood on how Sir Spider and his friends would bear the freshmen. After UCLA was thrashed at Houston he composed an ode on why it is hard to be a writing team using Negro players in the Southwest. He noted he had a tough time, and it was only his name that was "half-Black." This effort ended up with Blackman

(continued)



"THE MOUTH" Green got off his guard to show as four Washington Huskies are left gasping.

ing into the third person. "Watch the warmup drill before practice. John will be out there trying to bounce the ball into the basket. I tell him I don't really think he's going to need that shot. He'll laugh, and the next time you look he is doing something sillier. He takes a lot of shots in games. You'd think the boys might mind, but they don't."

"Coach," said Blackman the other day in a stage whisper Green could easily hear. "From nose to chin Green is the best bowler in school, but could you find me somebody who might talk love and bowl better?" Clearly, the Mouth was liked, from nose to chin and then some.

That was U.C.L.A.'s starting over. Now add John Wooden. Wooden, 57, and an honor graduate of Purdue, is an extraordinary coach. He has the reputation of getting more out of his players than is in them, and in a sport where the hard-driving coach is often the most successful, Wooden's lower-key approach is rare. He coaches, not surprisingly, like a sodaschool principal. He can be found each morning in his small UCLA office referring to records that show exactly what he did in practices on that same date in past years. Using this curriculum as a guide, he sets the day's practice routine. Around him, the office walls are covered with poems, epigrams, pictures of his grandchildren and a large chart of his own devising called "The Pyramid of Success."

No talk of winning

"It is what you learn after you know it all that counts," says one sign.

A poem goes:

A careful man I want to be.

A hole fellow follows me.

I do not dare to go away

For fear he'll go the software way.

Wooden is careful in that sense. He has, for example, never mentioned winning to his players. "I sometimes tell them before a game," he says, "that regardless of the score we are going to walk out of the dressing room with our heads up because we are going to know we have done our best. If I have a coaching technique, this is it: getting across the idea that you are successful when you do your best." All this may sound dreadfully like Jack Armstrong, but at the same time it is scorching self-helping.

Wooden will admit to being a disciplinarian, but rightfully claims he is "no ego." "There are lots of things I suggest my players do, and a few things

continued

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The light,
smooth scotch



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BASKETBALL continued

that I demand they do," he says. "They learn that I stick by my demands."

His displeasure is best avoided. It is sure to be icy, succinct and possibly, in the rarest of cases, spiced with his strongest blasphemy. "Goodness gracious alive!" He once made Willie Naulls, who was trying for the conference scoring title, sit out a whole game because he had been late getting to the field house. And this year he didn't start Hazzard against Army because East Coast had been tardy for a training meal.

"I had to be stern with Blackman, too," Wooden said recently, and then promptly changed the subject. He was pressed for details. "Well," he said, and there may or may not have been just the faintest smile at the corners of his thin lips. "It was about his latest poem. It concerned USC, and I felt it wasn't in good taste." Tawarded poet Blackman has not published a work since.

Discovery amid defeat

It was the last week of December, when UCLA played Ohio State to a standstill for 30 minutes before collapsing, that the team discovered for itself what Wooden had secretly suspected. They weren't so bad. When conference play began they started winning, defeating nationally ranked USC, and powerful Stanford and Washington. There were several reasons for the change. Slaughter had now lost 30 pounds and could get both feet off the floor at the same time. This meant that Cunningham—feeling better himself—didn't have to waste so much of his energy in frantic rebound attempts. Blackman, meanwhile, was moved up into a less punishing forward position on defense, with shorter but rugged John Green rebounding under that basket. Suddenly Blackman and Cunningham stopped wiling late in games. In fact UCLA used only five men recently in beating USC, though Wooden normally prefers to use a lot of substitutes.

But most important, everybody got used to East Coast. They changed from not watching Hazzard at all to watching him in self-defense, so finally watching him and expecting to get impossible passes. They got them, Green, convinced Hazzard would get the ball to him whenever possible, begin playing the whole game at top speed to get clear—a pace which has enabled him to average 20 points a game.

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The team shooting average improved to well over 40%, and the scoring was balanced. The rebounding was well balanced too. Because it has no big man, UCLA has four players who converge on the basket after a shot, while the fifth—whoever is farthest out—shouts “safe!” and stays back. Finally, though two starters were sophomores, UCLA’s free-wheeling and happy bunch developed unexpected poise. They consistently came from far behind in crucial games, undimmed by their own bumptious errors, and won. They even clinched the championship in typical fashion. Twelve points behind to Washington, at Seattle, with 12 minutes to play, UCLA went into a good zone press. The rattled Huskies made three errors, UCLA broke away for three of its patented fast-break baskets, and Johnny Green won the game with a driving lay-up.

The remarkable Bruins from remarkable Los Angeles were boyishly exuberant in the dressing room after the game. They wanted to throw John Wooden into the shower. Wooden was wearing a reserved frown and a good salt. “I wouldn’t do that, boys,” said an assistant coach. They didn’t. They were feeling just great, and they had just jolted the whole West Coast. But who ever heard of throwing a high school principal into a shower?

END



QUIET SMILE was expectable reaction of scholarly Wooden after his team won Big Five title.

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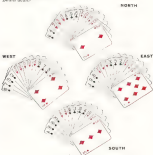
BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Every cloud has a sooty lining

You will not find Murphy's Law in any bridge book; yet it certainly belongs there. Indeed, its omission is an oversight I plan to correct in my very next opus. I first encountered this advanced principle of science in a farcical Broadway theatrical production called *The Golden Plinking*. Briefly stated, Murphy's Law affirms: If anything can go wrong, it will.

After I got through laughing, it dawned on me that Murphy's Law is a perfect and entirely serious explanation of the way a good bridge player plans the handling of even the most innocuous-looking contract. One good method of training yourself to think this way is to tackle bridge column and book hands accordingly. As an example, here is a hand contributed by a friend, Ewart Kempton, the very literate Yonkersman and bridge authority.

*Neither side vulnerable
South dealer*



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
3-N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: jack of hearts

Contributions from my British friends do not always set forth clearly the bidding sequences, but this one did and I do not agree with it. I would prefer a two-no-trump solid on the South hand, exactly expressing a balanced 19-point holding. However, North's nine points are easily worth the raise to three no trump and the final contract is entirely normal.

But let's get back to the play. East puts the king on the first heart lead; you win it with the ace and proceed according to Murphy's Law.

You count five sure tricks in hearts and spades. Clubs will furnish the four more you need only if West holds the king with fewer than three small guards. Diamonds, however, will fail to provide the tricks you need only if that suit breaks badly. How badly? Well, you can survive West's holding four diamonds including the 10-spot because you will be able to take a proved finesse of dummy's 9 of diamonds on the third lead of the suit. The danger you must try to offset is four diamonds in the East hand.

Still following Murphy's advice, you assume that East holds four diamonds. This leaves West with only one and makes the odds 4 to 1 that East will hold the ace. That's pretty good odds, so you should plan your play accordingly.

You lead a spade to dummy's queen and play back a low diamond. Sure enough, East has four, including the ace-10, but there isn't anything he can do. If he puts up the ace, you can bring home the rest of the suit. So he must duck, and you win the trick with your jack.

Now the numbers have changed. With one diamond trick already home, you need only three clubs. Still operating on the theory that things will go wrong if given a chance, you abandon diamonds and establish the clubs that bring game.

Note what happens if South tries to establish the diamonds in the usual way, leading an honor from his hand. East wins with the ace and knocks out dummy's queen of hearts. South catches the jack of diamonds and gets the bad news too late. His only hope is to win two club tricks. But the club finesse fails and East's heart return gives the defense three more tricks to set the contract.

EXTRA TRICK

When things look hopeless, you must try to find a distribution that will permit you to make your contract. When they appear brightest you must protect against any distribution that might lead to your defeat.

END



Portrait by Douglas Gordon

The Guns of James Bond

James Bond is fictional. His weapons are not. Here is the inside story of why he abandoned his favorite gun

James Bond is the hero of a succession of immensely popular mystery novels by the British author Ian Fleming. Bond is an agent of the British Secret Service, and the charm he exerts on his readers—who include the President of the United States—is based partly on the drama of his assignments but even more on the factual detail of each Fleming book. Although Bond's extravagant adventures (between torrid love affairs with improbably beautiful and compliant ladies he has been tossed to a giant squid, tied to a buzz saw and poisoned by a drag derived from the sex organs of the Japanese globefish) have caused his originator to be described as "a sort of

British Mickey Spillane," Author Fleming is really a reserved English gentleman with a passion for accuracy. As such, he willingly listened and learned when Gun Expert Geoffrey Boothroyd wrote him concerning what Boothroyd thought were errors in Bond's choice of weapons. Fleming was so pleased with Boothroyd's constructive criticism that he not only followed his suggestions but incorporated Boothroyd into his next book as "The Armourer" of the British Secret Service. The article that begins on the next page is Fleming's account of his correspondence with Boothroyd. It is both an authoritative discussion of small arms and a fascinating detective story in itself.

by IAN FLEMING

Enter Boothroyd

Some reviewers of my books about James Bond have been generous in commending the accuracy of the expertise which forms a considerable part of the background furniture of these books. I may say that correspondents from all over the world have been equally enthusiastic in writing to point out errors in this expertise, and the mistakes I have made, approximately one per volume, will no doubt forever continue to haunt my In basket.

But it is true that I take very great pains over the technical and geographical background to James Bond's adventures, and during and after the writing of each book I consult innumerable authorities in order to give solidity and integrity to his exploits. Without this solid springboard, there would perhaps be justification for the frequent criticisms that James Bond's adventures are fantastic, though I maintain that such criticism comes from people who simply do not read the newspapers or who have not taken note of the revealing peaks of the great underwater iceberg that is Secret Service warfare. The frogman mystery of Commander Cribb, Khokhlov and the bullet-firing cigarette case with which his Russian masters hoped to have a West German propaganda expert assassinated, the whole of the U-2 affair—what incidents in my serial biography of James Bond are more fantastic than these?

It was in pursuit of verisimilitude that my friendship with Geoffrey Boothroyd was born in May 1956, and I think it may be an interesting sidelight on the work of two enthusiasts, one in thriller writing and the other in gun lore, for me to print here our correspondence and then to recount the rather bizarre sequel to the long and forceful letter that came to me one day from Glasgow.

BOOTHROYD TO FLEMING, May 23rd, 1956

"I have, by now, got rather fond of Mr. James Bond. I like most of the things about him, with the exception of his rather deplorable taste in firearms. In particular, I dislike a man who comes into contact with all sorts of formidable people using a .25 Beretta. This sort of gun is really a lady's gun, and not a really nice lady at that. If Mr. Bond has to use a light gun he would be better off with a .22 rim fire; the lead bullet would cause more shocking effect than the jacketed type of the .25.

"May I suggest that Mr. Bond be armed with a revolver? This has many advantages for the art of shooting that he is called on to perform and I am certain that Mr. Leiter [Bond's sometime associate] would agree with this recommendation. The Beretta will weigh, after it has been doctored, somewhere under 1 pound unloaded. If Mr. Bond gets himself an S & W .38 Special Centennial Airweight he will have a real man-stopper weighing only 17 ounces loaded. The gun is hammerless so that it can be drawn without catching in the clothing and has an overall length of 6½ inches. Barrel length is 2 inches, but note that it is

not 'sawn off.' No one who can buy his pistols in the States will go to the trouble of sawing off pistol barrels as they can be purchased with short 2-inch barrels from the manufacturers. In order to keep down the bulk the cylinder holds five cartridges, and these are standard .38 S & W Special. It is an extremely accurate cartridge and when fired from a 2-inch barrel has, in standard loading, a muzzle velocity of almost 700 ft./sec. and muzzle energy of around 300 ft./lbs. This is against Bond's .25 Beretta with muzzle velocity of 738 ft./sec. but only 67 ft./lbs. muzzle energy. So much for his personal gun. Now he must have a real man-stopper to carry in the car. For this purpose the S & W .357 Magnum has no equal except the .44 Magnum. With the .357, Bond can still use his S & W .38 Special cartridges, although not vice versa. The .357 Magnum can be obtained in barrel lengths as follows: 3½ inches, 5 inches, 6 inches, 6½ inches and 8½ inches long. With a 6½-inch barrel and adjustable rear sights Bond could do some really effective shooting, getting with the .357 Magnum a muzzle velocity of about 1,300 ft./sec. and a muzzle energy of nearly 600 ft./lbs. Figures like these give an effective range of 300 yards, and it's very accurate, too—I-inch groups at 20 yards on a machine rest.

"With these two guns Bond would be able to cope with really quick-draw work and long-range effective shooting."

Now to gun harness, rig or what have you. First of all, not a shoulder holster for general wear, please. I suggest that the little Centennial Airweight be carried in a 'Lightning' Berne-Martin Triple Draw holster. This type of holster holds the gun in by means of a spring and can be worn on the belt or as a shoulder holster. I have played about with various types of holster for quite a time now and this one is the best. Here are descriptions of how it works—as a belt holster and as a shoulder holster:

"A Series. Holster worn on belt at right side. Pistol drawn with right hand.

"1) Ready position. Note that the gun is not noticeable.

"2) First movement. Weight moves to left foot. Hand draws back coat and sweeps forward to catch butt of pistol. Finger outside holster.

"3) Gun comes out of holster through the split front.

"4) In business.

"This draw can be done in 3/10ths of a second, and with practice and lots of it you could hit a figure at 20 feet in that time.

"B Series. Shoulder holster. Gun upside down on left side. Held in by spring. Drawn with right hand.

"1) First position.

"2) Coat drawn back by left hand, gun butt grasped by right hand, finger outside holster.

"3) Gun coming out of holster.

"4) Bang! You're dead.

"C Series. Holster worn on belt, as in A, but gun drawn with left hand.

"1) Draw commences. Butt held by first two fingers of left hand. Third finger and little finger ready to grasp trigger.

"2) Ready to shoot. Trigger is pulled by third and little finger, thumb curled round stock, gun upside down.

"This really works but you need a cutaway trigger guard.

"D Series. Holster worn on shoulder, as in B, but gun drawn with left hand.

"1) Coat swept back with left hand and gun grasped.

"2) Gun is pushed to the right to clear holster and is ready for action.

"I trust this will explain what I mean. The gun used is an S & W .38 Special with a sawn-off barrel to 2¼ inches. (I know this contradicts what I said over the page but I can't afford the \$66 needed, so I had to make my own.) It has target sights—ramp front sight, adjustable rear sight—rounded butt, special stocks and a cutaway trigger guard.

"If you have managed to read this far I hope that you will accept the above in the spirit that it is offered. I have enjoyed your books immensely and will say right now that I have no criticism of the women in them, except that I've never met any like them and would doubtless get into trouble if I did."

FLEMING TO BONDSDOWN, 31st May

"I really am most grateful for your splendid letter of May 23rd.

"You have entirely convinced me, and I propose, perhaps not in the next volume of James Bond's memoirs but in the subsequent one, to change his weapons in accordance with your instructions.

"Since I am not in the habit of stealing another man's expertise, I shall ask you in due course to accept remuneration for your most valuable technical aid.

"Incidentally, can you suggest where I can see a .38 Airweight in London? Who would have one?

"As a matter of interest, how do you come to know so much about these things? I was delighted with the detailed explanation of how the holster operates and greatly impressed. If ever there is talk of making films of some of James Bond's stories in due course, I shall suggest to the company concerned that they might like to consult you on some technical aspects. But they may not take my advice, so please do not set too much store by this suggestion.

"From the style of your writing it occurs to me that you may have written books or articles on these subjects. Is that so?

"Bond has always admitted to me that the .25 Beretta was not a stopping gun, and he places much more reliance on his accuracy with it than in any particular qualities of the gun itself. As you know, one gun used to a gun and it may take some time for him to settle down with the Smith & Wesson. But I think M (Bond's chief in the Secret Service, always referred to by the initial) should advise him

continued



Gun drawings by Don Mason

James Bond's favorite gun was a .25 Beretta, similar to the lightweight (8½ ounces unloaded) model shown at the top. He replaced it with a S & W .38 Constable Airweight (shown) with a 2-inch barrel. In *Devil May Care* he also carried a T&A-cm. Walther PPK (shown).

to make a change, as also in the case of the .357 Magnum.

"He also agrees to give a fair trial to the Berns-Martin holster, but he is inclined to favour something a little more casual and less bulky. The well-worn charms leather pouch under his left arm has become almost a part of his clothes, and he will be loth to make a change, though, here again, M may intervene.

"At the present moment Bond is particularly anxious for expertise on the weapons likely to be carried by Russian agents, and I wonder if you have any information on this.

"As Bond's biographer I am most anxious to see that he lives as long as possible and I shall be most grateful for any further technical advice you might like me to pass on to him.

"Again, with very sincere thanks for your extremely helpful and workmanlike letter."

BOOTHROYD TO FLEMING, 1ST JUNE

"I was truly delighted to receive your charming letter. This is the first time I have had either the inclination or the temerity to write to the author of any books that pass through my hands; quite frankly, in many cases the rest of the material is not worth backing up by correct and authentic 'gun dogs.' You have, incidentally, enlivened the rest of my household, people staying up to all hours of the night in an endeavour to finish a book before some other interested party snipes it.

"If I am to be considered for the post of Bond's ballistic man I should give you my terms of reference. Age 31, English, unmarried, Member of the following Rifle Clubs: N.R.A., Gt. Britain, English Twenty Club, National Rifle Association of America (nonresident member), West of

Is place of the charms pouch, Boothroyd suggested that Bond wear a "Lightning" Berns-Martin Triple Draw holster with a split front.



James Bond always carried his beloved .25 Beretta in a soft charms leather pouch, but Boothroyd argued that that was a dangerous practice.

Scotland Rifle Club, Muzzle Loaders Association of Gt. Britain. I shoot with shotgun and rifle—target, clay pigeon, deer but, to my deep regret, no big game. (I cherish a dream that one day a large tiger or lion will escape from the zoo or a travelling circus and I can bag it in Argyle St., Glasgow, or Princes St., Edinburgh.) I do both muzzle-loading and breech-loading shooting, load my own shotgun and pistol ammunition. Shoot with pistol, mainly target, and collect arms of various sorts. My present collection numbers about 45, not as many as in some collections, but all of mine go off and have been fired by me. Shooting and gun lore is a jolly queer thing; most people stick to their own field, rather like stamp collectors who specialise in British Colonial. Such people shoot only with the rifle and often only .303, or only .22. There are certain rather odd types like myself who have a go at the lot, including archery. It's a most fascinating study if one has the time, and before long it's either given up and you collect old Bentleys or it becomes an obsession. We all have a pet aspect of our hobby, and mine at present is this business of 'draw and shoot,' or the gun lore of close-combat weapons. On reflection it is pretty stupid, as it's most unlikely that I shall ever do this sort of thing in earnest, but it has the pleasant advantage of not having very many fish in the pond and however you look at it you are an authority. In Scotland I have the space to do this sort of thing, and have two friends who are not 150 miles away to talk to. I seem to have taken up a lot of space on this—must want to impress you!

"Now to the work. The S & W Airweight model is not common in England, at least in a shop. I therefore enclose

continued



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It is fortunate that in Coventry, where Jaguars are born, there are men who still care about cars and the people who will drive them. For it is these Jaguar technicians, constantly seeking perfection in performance, who apply the strictest standards of manufacture to every Jaguar on the road today. The net result of their thoroughness is a motor car which currently stands second to none. For those discriminating motorists whose own personal standards of excellence could not be satisfied by a lesser automobile, we invite you to consider the two types of Jaguar shown here. One, the new and exciting Jaguar XK-E, in either the fully enclosed Gran Turismo coupe (above, left), or open sports model; the other, the exuberant Jaguar 3.8 Sedan—for the family man whose needs dictate a roomier vehicle. We suggest you inspect—and drive—both soon at your Jaguar dealer's. JAGUAR CARS INC., 32 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y. Technical Service and Parts Headquarters, 42-90 Twenty-First Street, Long Island City 1, New York



S & W's latest catalogue, which shows current models. Perhaps you would let me have this back, as I have to send it off to another chap who is going to S. America and he wants to buy a gun when he gets there. The only people in London who may have S & W new-model pistols will be Thomas Bland and Sons, William IVth St., Strand, and Cogswell and Harrison. Current demand for pistols in this country is restricted to folks going off to Kenya, Malaya, etc.

"Some people have bought modified guns from Cogswell and Harrison. This type is a cut-down S & W .38 Special Military & Police Model. I'm sorry I can't help regarding an actual inspection of a new-model S & W. The only people who may have one are Americans in this country or James Bond.

"Re holsters. A letter to S. D. Myers Saddle Co., 5000 Alameda Blvd., El Paso, Texas, will bring you their current holster catalogue. The Beres-Martin people live in Calhoun City, Mississippi, and a note to Jack Martin, who is a first-class chap and a true gunslinger, will bring you illustrations of his work. Bond's chamois leather pouch will be ideal for carrying a gun, but God help him if he has to get it out in a hurry. The soft leather will snag and foul on the projecting parts of the gun and he will still be struggling to get the gun out when the other fellow is counting the holes in Bond's tummy. Bond has a good point when he mentions accuracy. It's no good shooting at a man with the biggest gun one can hold—if you miss him. The thing about the larger calibre is, however, that when you hit someone with a man-stopping bullet they are out of the game and won't lie on the floor still popping off at you.

"Regarding weapons carried by Russian agents. I have had little experience of using weapons from behind the Iron Curtain or of meeting people who use them. I did once meet a Polish officer who was some sort of undercover man and cloak-and-dagger merchant and he used an American Colt automatic in .38 cal. I would suggest that a member of SMERSH (Fleming's name for the Soviet secret police) would in all probability make his choice from the following, and use either a Luger with an 8-inch, 10-inch, 12-inch or 16-inch barrel with detachable shoulder stock or a Mauser 7.63 automatic with shoulder stock for assassination work from a medium distance, say across a street. A short-barrel 9-mm. Luger (Model 08), 4-inch barrel, might be carried for personal protection, although it is rather large to carry about. In the same class as the Luger and having equal availability to someone employed by SMERSH would be the Polish Radom Model 35. This takes the standard Luger cartridge and also the more powerful black-bulleted machine

pistol 9-mm. round. It closely resembles the Colt Model 1911, or perhaps more so the Colt 9-mm. Commander. Another choice would be the Swedish 9-mm. Lahr. This is a strong and very well-made pistol strongly reminiscent of the Luger. It weighs 44 ounces loaded as compared with 34 ounces for the short-barrel Luger.

"The Russian Tokarev pistol Model 30 appears to be the standard sidearm of the Soviets, and once again is a close copy of John Browning's basic pistol, Calibre 7.62 Russian or 7.63 Mauser and designed in the 1930s. This pistol looks like the Belgian Browning auto pistol made by Fabrique Nationale, Liège, except that it has an external hammer. There is no manual safety, and if the gun is carried loaded at full cock, obvious safety hazards exist. Carried at half-cock the gun undoubtedly would be safer, but the hammer design is such that cocking the hammer is not an easy



This is the weapon that Bond used to recommend as Bond's "man stopper." It is an S & W .357 Magnum. But in a later scene (unexplained) much earlier Fleming gave his hero a different gun.

job and the first shot would be a slow one from the draw.

"In this same general class would be the Walther P-38, which was used by the German army as a replacement for the Luger. Evidence is that the pistol is not quite as good as it might be, this being probably due to production difficulties met with during the war. This also takes the 9-mm. cartridge. One of the advantages of the Walther is that it can be used double-action, i.e., there is no need to cock the hammer for the first shot provided the barrel has a cartridge "up the spout." After the first shot the gun operates as does the normal auto pistol.

"For carrying on the person the following arms could be chosen: Walther PPK 7.65-mm., Mauser HS c. 7.65-mm. or the Walther PP in 7.65-mm. cal., Sauer Model 38 H in 7.65-mm. calibre.

"All of the above were tested for accuracy, endurance, etc., by the U.S. Army Ordnance Corps in 1948. Also included were the Japanese Nambu and the American Colt 1911A1 Auto. In accuracy the Nambu came first, followed

continued

by the Russian Tokarev, the Suvar being third. Colonel P. S. Allen, USAF, who wrote an article on the findings of the O.C. team, concluded by saying that for an emergency defence weapon he would have a lightweight .38 Special, a decision which I heartily agree with.

"I hope that when the SMERSH operative, armed perhaps with one of the guns mentioned above, meets Bond, your friend will be able to adequately demonstrate the effectiveness of Anglo-American cooperation, a competent English pistol man behind a truly lethal .38 Special.

"The above should give some idea of the type of weapon likely to be carried by SMERSH men, the Russians being rather similar to ourselves where firearms are concerned. They do not hesitate to use foreign weapons if they are better than those produced by themselves. An instance of this was their use of the Finnish Suomi light machine gun during the last war. In brief, one could be safe in arming an agent of SMERSH with the Tokarev, Radom or Luger, in that order. Pocket weapons would be either German Mauser or Walther.

"Please convey warmest regards to Mr. Bond and assure him of my closest interest in his activities and very willing cooperation in his 'gun needs' for as long as he wishes. Instead of remuneration, an introduction to Scobie (one of Fleming's glamorous heroines) would more than adequately compensate me for the little trouble I have taken. Between you and me, I quite enjoy it."

FLEMING to BROTHERHOOD, 22nd JUNE, 1956

"I have been away in Vienna, and seeing a man about a flying saucer in Paris, and I have only just had your letter of June 1st with enclosures.

"Thank you again most sincerely for taking all this trouble, and also for sending me the very interesting information on your own career and hobbies. You certainly seem to lead a full life!

"I am intrigued by your mention of archery. I have long thought that Bond could do a lot of damage with a short steel bow and appropriate arrows. What do you think of this suggestion, and do you know someone who would instruct me on weapons, ranges and so forth?

"I am returning the Smith & Wesson catalogue and, since I am off to New York at the end of July, I propose to purchase a Centennial Airweight.

"Would this not, in any case, be the best weapon for Bond? There is no hammer to catch in his clothes.

"I am vastly intrigued by your own M & P model and by the way you have beautified it. Bond will certainly adopt your two-thirds trigger guard. I don't intend to go too deeply into the holster problem and I intend to accept your expertise in the matter of the Burns-Martin holster.

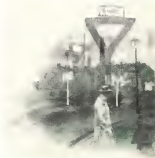
"Only one basic problem remains in changing Bond's weapon, and that is in the matter of a silencer. It would have to be an extremely bulky affair to silence a .38 of any make and I simply can't see one fitted to the Centennial. Have you any views?

"As a matter of fact, a change of Bond's weapons is very

appropriate. In his next adventure, which deals with an intricate plot by SMERSH to kill Bond, he finally gets into really bad trouble when the Borets—with silencer—sticks in his waistband.

"It is too late now to save him from the consequences, but in the book that follows, if I have the energy and ingenuity to write one, I shall start off with a chapter devoted entirely to his re-equipment along the lines you suggest.

"But in this chapter the matter of a silencer will have to be overcome and, in fact, in his latest adventure, which I mention above, he could hardly have used an unsilenced



.38 in the room at the Ritz Hotel in Paris where he wrestles fruitlessly with his marbled gun.

"Turning to foreign weapons, have you by any chance got the article by Colonel Allen on the findings of the O.C. team, or could you tell me where it appeared? It sounds most useful to my purposes.

"Once again, please accept my very warm thanks for your kindness in taking Bond's armoury in hand and sorting it out. As a small recompense for your trouble I am sending you a shiny and rather expensive book on Old Weapons which has just appeared and which perhaps you do not possess. It is not exactly on your beat, but it may entertain."

BROTHERHOOD to FLEMING, JUNE 29TH

"Silencers. These I do not like. The only excuse for using one is on a .22 rifle using low-velocity ammunition, i.e., below the speed of sound. With apologies, I think you will find that silencers are more often found in fiction than in real life. An effective silencer on an auto pistol would be very ponderous and would spoil the balance of the gun, and to silence a revolver would be even more difficult due to

the gas escape between the cylinder and the barrel. Personally I can't at this stage see how one would fit a silencer to a Beretta unless a special barrel were made for it, as the silencer has to be screwed on to the barrel, and as you know there is very little of the barrel projecting in front of the slide on the Beretta.

"This business of using guns in houses or hotels is a very strange one. So few people are familiar with what a gun sounds like that I would have little hesitation in firing one in any well-constructed building. This remark is only regarding the noise or nuisance value. I would not fire a gun



off in a room without some thoughts on the matter, as bullets have a bad habit of bouncing off things and coming home to roost. I have fired .455 blanks at home on several occasions, even in the middle of the night, without any enquiries being made. The last time was at Christmas when I blew out the candles on the Christmas cake with a pistol and blanks. To conclude, if possible don't have anything to do with silencers."

FLEMING TO BOOTHROYD, EXTRACT FROM A LETTER DATED 12TH JULY

"I sympathise with you about not liking silencers, but the trouble is that there are often occasions when they are essential to Bond's work. But they are clumsy things and only partially effective, though our Secret Service developed some very good ones during the war, in which the bullet passed through rubber baffles. I have tried a Sten gun altered with one of these and all one could hear was the click of the machinery.

"I rather like the picture of you going through life firing bullets 'in any well-constructed building'. But I agree with you that one could probably get away with a single shot

in a Paris hotel bedroom. Your Christmas trick would, of course, be helped by its association in a listener's mind with cracker-pulling."

The late summer is the time of year when, spurred on by Mr. Michael Howard of Jonathan Cape Ltd., my publishers, I put the final corrections to the typescript of the current James Bond adventure, usually written in January and February. Michael Howard wants to get the typescript into page proofs, to which I must give a last polish in September so that he can go to print for publication six months later, around Eastertide. Late summer is also the time when he and I get our heads together about the design of an appropriate jacket for the book. The volume I was working on at the time of my correspondence with Geoffrey Boothroyd was *From Russia with Love*, and, with the correspondence in mind and remembering the excellent *rouge-et-noir* jacket for Raymond Chandler's *The Simple Art of Murder*, published by Hamish Hamilton Ltd. in 1956, my idea for a jacket was a gun crossed with a rose. So I decided to approach Dickie Chopping, who is probably the finest *rouge-et-noir* painter in the world and for whose work I have a great admiration.

Dickie Chopping having agreed in principle, the next requirement was a suitable gun. I at once thought of Geoffrey Boothroyd's favourite—the S & W .38 Special M & P whose barrel he had seen to 2½ inches, and whose trigger guard he had cut away for quicker shooting, and I wrote asking for the loan of the gun.

Geoffrey Boothroyd agreed. His beautiful gun came down to me by registered post and was sent on to Dickie Chopping, who at once set to work, commenting in a letter around the middle of September, "It has been the very devil to paint, but fascinating."

And then fate stepped in via an urgent trunk call from Geoffrey Boothroyd.

On the night of September 15th, 1956 there took place in Glasgow a multiple crime, later to become famous as the "Burnside Murders." Three people were murdered on this bloody night—wife, daughter and sister-in-law—and recovery of the bullets from the corpses revealed that they were of .38 calibre.

The police had a record of all owners of .38 weapons in the neighbourhood, and Geoffrey Boothroyd, on the list of suspects, received an urgent visit from a police sergeant asking to see his Smith & Wesson. A thoroughly worried Boothroyd had to admit that this was in the hands of a certain Ian Fleming living in London, and he now warned me over the telephone to expect an early visit from Scotland Yard.

With the C.I.D.'s deadly efficiency, the visit resulted in a matter of hours, and it was fortunate that I not only had an alibi for the night in question but also a firearms certificate covering a .25 Browning automatic which I had occasionally carried during the war on Naval Intelligence

(continued)

dates and a Colt Official Police .38 Special revolver which was presented to me as a memento of our friendship by General "Wild Bill" Donovan, head of the American Secret Services known as O.S.S., with whom I had had frequent and close association in wartime.

But of course I did not possess the suspect gun! This was in the hands of Dickie Chopping in his studio in Essex! My imagination boggled at the impact of a police visit on this sensitive person, who would, in any case, obviously be without a firearms certificate. Fortunately the sergeant from the C.I.D., having read through my correspondence with Geoffrey Boothroyd and Dickie Chopping and after making copious notes, accepted my plea not to descend upon poor Chopping so long as the suspect gun could be quickly returned to me and so back to its rightful owner.

As luck would have it, that same afternoon Dickie Chopping came to see me with his completed painting for the book jacket and with the gun, so a telephone call to Scotland Yard and the hasty despatch to Glasgow of the incriminating weapon closed the incident so far as we were concerned.

As to the Burnside Murders, the husband, a prominent Glasgow man, was arrested, but was later released, and with the aid of his solicitor eventually laid the trap which brought the true culprit to account.

The man responsible was a certain Peter Manuel. He was arrested, and these three and several other murders were laid at his door. Manuel conducted his own defence and was later convicted and executed for his crimes. His gun had, in fact, been a Webley and not a Smith & Wesson. Both are made in .38 calibre but the rifling is different.

The Chopping jacket was a tremendous success, both in England and America, and from that day on he and I and Michael Howard of Cape's have devised all the James Bond

jackets, which have now become something of a hallmark with the book trade and have earned prizes for Cape's.

With the page proofs of *From Russia with Love* finally out of the way, my mind was busy with the next in the series of James Bond's adventures—*Doctor No*—and I retired as usual to my small house in Jamaica to write this in January and February of 1957. It is in this book that "The Armourer," a certain "Major Boothroyd," is called in by M to give judgment on James Bond's weapons, the inadequacy of which at the end of *From Russia with Love* so nearly cost him his life.

Major Boothroyd echoes the strictures of Geoffrey Boothroyd, and James Bond, much to his preliminary annoyance, departs on his mission against the redoubtable Doctor No with a Walther PPK 7.65-mm. with a Berni-Martin holster for close work and a Smith & Wesson .38 Centennial Airweight for longer-range work.

Unfortunately, even after the careful coaching by the real-life Boothroyd, a couple of the dreadful technical errors that dog each of my books here again crept in. The Berni-Martin holster can, in fact, only be used with revolvers, and not I but the real-life Boothroyd received a sharp letter which said, "If he [Bond] carries on using this PPK out of that Berni-Martin rig I shall have to break down and write a rude letter to Fleming. I realize that writers have a whole lot of licence but this is going too far!" Second, for longer-range work, *The Armourer*, or Major Boothroyd, should have equipped Bond with the S & W .357 Magnum as the real Boothroyd suggested, instead of with the S & W .38 Centennial Airweight, which he had suggested as the close-work gun.

However, James Bond has now become accustomed to his new weapons, and in their proper holsters they have been put to good use in subsequent exploits.

I didn't actually meet Geoffrey Boothroyd until March 1961, when I went to Glasgow with Michael Howard to appear on Scottish television, where I had the baffling experience of being interviewed by a young man who had never read any of my books.

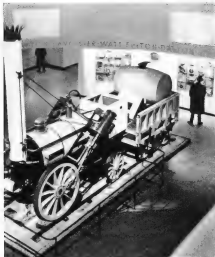
At a subsequent party, Geoffrey Boothroyd was one of the guests, and we were enthusiastically photographed shooting at each other with the famous Smith & Wesson with the sawn-off barrel and cutaway trigger guard and, as in the picture, with Boothroyd's Ruger Super Blackhawk 44 Magnum—a great hunk of gleaming metal and the most powerful hand gun in the world.

Boothroyd, the expert, escaped unmarked from this duel. The thriller writer, less tough and rustier on the draw, was doozed, a very few days later, to suffer a heart attack which laid him temporarily as low as if he had really stopped a bullet from the Smith & Wesson.

Mark you, I am not actually nominating Boothroyd as mine own executioner, but it certainly was a curious sequel to an already bizarre relationship!



At their first meeting in Glasgow, Boothroyd left displayed in Fleming's 44 Super Magnum, most powerful hand gun in the world.



Lament for a Lost Sport

Museum-going, of all things, was an athletic diversion in the author's New York boyhood
by PAUL MANDEL

In the concrete confines of a New York boyhood, sports are nothing to take for granted. You spend an hour on the subway reaching a place to run 100 yards unobstructed without striking a pushcart or bowling over a pedestrian and, as a result, your athletic efforts tend to be catch-as-catch-can, pretty specialized and often indoors. When I was a boy in

New York my usual sports were shiny (sidewalk hockey played on roller skates, using passing braces as delectaerren), kick-ball, played on a hardwood gym floor which abraded you badly if you kicked and missed, and museum-going. In most communities museum-going would not count as a sport at all but we counted it for lack of anything better.

Museum-going was a very big sport for me and my friends, especially on weekends, and the hell of it is that the best museum for it is gone. I can't imagine what small New York boys do instead. The museum was the late New York Museum of Science and Industry

continued

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A Lost Sport *continued*

in Rockefeller Center, and our sport there consisted of doing as many things as we could as fast as we could, and then coming back the next Saturday to do them all over again. It was, uniquely, a museum where indeed we could do things. We entered it by paying 10¢ at a little booth like a movie ticket seller's and there, straightaway, was the first thing to do, the first wonder of science and industry. It was a machine that spit ball bearings from a hole. These struck a slanting metal plate, bounced wildly through a swinging ring, fell and bounced again off a second plate and then jumped like frightened mice into a second hole—unless we caught them. The first event for us young scientists was the one-grain ball catch, a fast stab at one of the single-minded steel spheres and a chance to take a home. It was an irregular event and not without danger—one weekend, after a particularly heavy series of such assaults, the machine developed a case of the shivers, and the museum thereafter stationed a guard near by to protect it from further depredations.

Past this challenging machine there came an agony of decision, for a little vestibule behind it led to equal opportunities. If you went to the left, there were the smells. They came from little paper spindles above a row of pushbuttons. You put your nose to a pipe and pushed a button marked "Acid" or "Fungus" or "Fruity"—or all the buttons at once, if you wanted—and the pipe mouth, magically, exhaled a gray ammonia's gasp of leaves burning in the urgent draught of a drawer filled with spice or the damp breath of a garden in summer. The sport here was to keep your nose in the pipe and may up the switch until the exact moment when the odor metamorphosed your digestion. Miss by an instant and it was back home to you, with an icky mother at the other end asking where you ate lunch.

But if you went to the right, there were the lightings. They led, dominant and pent, in polished copper coils set in glass booths. When you pushed their buttons the booths shadowed dark and ominous, and then the lightning crackled in brittle blue cords or liquid arcs, eager and ferocious. Here you held the button down until a glow hot under your thumb and the coils gave off ominous smoke, which normally brought the guard. When you saw him coming you left quickly up a flight of stairs, dodging

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a big room that held flamboyant static displays like a transparent man with his red-ink blood, or a bizarre locomotive with a tall, skinny chimney and a vast barrel around its tender. You hurried past these because they were to look at and not for sport, and you climbed instead to the cherished rooms where there were more things to do and use and interfere with. The fun rooms, we called them, our rooms.

Here were wonderful telephones that beeped faintly as you talked and giggled into them and then reproduced exactly what you said, even the giggle. Here were rows of iron means, spinning their wheels eagerly at your command, atop their private stretches of tiny track. Here were wire loops you turned to hear the suds and surge of a radio beacon as you sought it through the night, the wobble of a walking-beam engine working its ponderous wheel, the giant's key that thrust vast tumbler into a giant's lock—a lock you could jam if you wiggled the key just so.

Here were the wheels and pulleys and ratchets and gears and levers and cams. These hang, row on row on great wall panels, gleaming and docile and waiting. You pushed their buttons and, wondrously, an orchestra came to life, the wheels turned, the pulleys ran up and down and the gears gnashed their teeth. They were exotic gears—square gears and oval gears and gears within gears—and the obedient machines all worked, seemingly tireless, in a cacophony of clank. But they did get tired and you kept them working until something went wrong—a stuttering cam, a slipped disk—and then let go their buttons in triumph and went on to the next panel.

Here were half-ton weights you lifted with a gentle tug on a chain—and which thundered ominously down when you let go. Here were floating steamboats to sink and chugging cars to wreck, frog legs that twitched at the touch of a mechanical hand, a heavy ring that leaped high at the rebuff of a magnet and that would stick fast at the top of its flight if you did it right. It all worked, a cornucopia of magic to set off or confound at the touch of a finger, and we stayed pushing our buttons until the guard left his ball bearings and came to say, "That's all now, boys. There's more Saturdays."

But one Saturday in 1940 the sport shrunk: the smith and fignings were gone. In their place were an Enfield

a column

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A Lost Sport

rifle and a model destroyer and the fastage of a Messerschmitt 109. We tried to snap the bolt on the rifle, and we wiggled the crumpled control stick on the Messerschmitt. But it wasn't as good as button-pushing.

Soon there were more weapons, the war seemed to eat away more of our treasured buttons, and one Saturday I found the wheels and gears stilled and shoved aside to make room for a floorful of military equipment. There were guns that pretended to shoot, a wall hung with guided missiles that harassed as they humed like nervous gargoyles and another wall covered with the sad circling eyes of radar screens. There were big, buzzing antiaircraft canon, bristling from the floor where the train with the furry smokstack used to be. There were bombs to ride and sailors to explain how everything worked.

It was a military show of some sort, and for awhile we forgot our buttons in the greater sport of its shooting galleries, where you find bullets of light at movies of Japanese fighter planes.

But soon the guns stopped working and they trucked them away. Nothing replaced them, and now our guns and catches and pulleys hung devolved, the skeletons of wonder, in dusty disuse. Then one Saturday I went to the museum—faithfully, hopefully and found the guard gone, the ball bearings fled, the door closed.

Sometimes now, in the sun of a New York Saturday, I see tourists come out of the subway and blink morosely, as if someone has taken away Rockefeller Center without telling them. A few weeks ago I found one such unhappy visitor clatching a boy in each hand and looking belligerently at the RCA Building. "You there," he said to me, "where's that museum?"

"Which museum?" I said, with a New Yorker's effulgent pride in the number of museums we have to misplace.

"The good one," he said. "Where you push all the buttons. I used to go there."

"It's in here," I said, and I led him to what the museum has become, The Cronwell Dragstore, an exhibit of science and industry in its own right. His boys brightened at the store's windows and the delights that lay behind, but the tourist—he was around my age—stood silent, shaking his head at something he'd lost.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

HARVEY HARRIS, NBA forward, turned out the worst of regular season games, averaged 10.8 points and 11.1 rebounds per game in 1984-85 season. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team.

BORING HANS DODGE, 74, announced winner in the 1984 Olympic, gold medalist, winner at 100 meters. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team.

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CORLINA HERRING (Miss) KINK, dropped in the 1984 Olympic, gold medalist, winner at 100 meters. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team.

FIELD THOMAS HONOR ADAM HATTIE, 41-year-old, turned out the worst of regular season games, averaged 10.8 points and 11.1 rebounds per game in 1984-85 season. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team.

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HILLSBOROUGH (TEAM), with Charley Ray, won the \$27,000 Brierley Award at Brierley, Mass. The father's 3-year-old son was the male and a male female 1-4-1-1.

RODER MONYA DAVON of Korea, 5'11", turned out the worst of regular season games, averaged 10.8 points and 11.1 rebounds per game in 1984-85 season. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team. He was named to the All-Star team.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



HARRISON HERRILL, strong-armed North Carolina freshman, turned in an evening swim meet at Chapel Hill to break three NCAA Southern records. Then, a week later, he broke one of his own marks to become a new Turner of the college pool.



MRS. STEWART TRAY, business secretary for a country club, swept the Women's (W's) 800-meter swimming team to a national championship in St. Paul by making two points in the extra end to break a 17-17 tie with the Skokie (Ill.) Red.



HAROLD BRILEY, high-swinging forward of the Evansville (Ind.) College Basketball team, took an 85-foot field goal in the last second of a game with Notre Dame, Evansville officials claimed a new national record, says Briley said, "So what, we lost."



CAROL WRIGHT, 21, of Brooklyn, a strong competitor on the men's tennis circuit but overlooked nationally, turned up at the national indoor at Brooklyn, Minn., and was the side for a second time. Left-handed Miss Wright was 1980 indoor champion.



L.L. BREWER, quick and field coach of Howard County Junior College, Big Spring, Texas, named the Texas Junior College Coach of the Year in 1984 after his team won the national junior-college track championship over 40 other schools in Big Spring.



DALE GOSPER, 20-year-old from North Hollywood, Calif., a sophomore at Michigan State, topped the record score of 85.75 in tall rope at the Big Ten gymnastics meet, as an 8-foot 7-inch high jumper, "It's one of these Muscle Beach guys from the Coast."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
1984-85 season. The following are the names of the people who helped make this year's record book possible. The following are the names of the people who helped make this year's record book possible.

Basketball's Week

by HERVIN HYNAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

While most of the nation's major college teams were putting their uniforms away for another year, a select and successful few were getting ready for the glamorous postseason tournaments.

The NCAA added three more conference winners: the Big Eight's Colorado (18-6), Southeastern's Texas Tech (18-6) and the Mid-Atlantic's St. Joseph's (18-8). Only the winner of Monday night's Missouri Valley play-off between Cincinnati and Houston was needed to complete the national championship pairings, as first-round action began at Philadelphia, Lexington, Ky., Dallas and Corvallis, Ore.

The NIT, which has one of its finest fields in years, was ready to open Thursday night in New York's Madison Square Garden. Mid-Atlantic runner-up Temple (17-8) was in, and the last spot was being held for the Cincinnati-Bradley loser. That team, plus St. John's (15-6), Loyola of Chicago (21-3) and Houston (21-3) were seeded, but these four favorites were going to face some stiff competition from the first-round survivors. The pairings: March 15, Wichita (18-8) vs. Dayton (20-2) and defending champion Providence (20-5) vs. Temple; March 17, Holy Cross (19-5) vs. Colorado State L. (11-5) and Duquesne (20-5) vs. Navy (13-7).

The small colleges were already holding their own eliminations. Defending champion Wittenberg, Mount St. Mary's, Nebraska Wesleyan, Northeastern, Southeast Missouri, Valparaiso, Southern Illinois and Sacramento State survived regional play-offs and moved on to Evansville, Ind., to fight it out for the NCAA college-division title. Meanwhile, the NAIA's 32 division champions gathered in Kansas City, where a full week of play was leading up to the finals on Saturday.

THE EAST

All season long St. John's Joe Lapchick had made it clear that he wanted to beat old rival NYU more than anything else in the world. "If I lost to NYU, I'm sick," he had said. Well, Lapchick may have felt a bit queasy when the two teams met last Saturday night before 6,228 in St. John's new Alumni Hall, but he was far from sick—not even when the Violets surrounded his 8-foot-10 LeRoy Ellis with a collapsing defense and held him to six points. Lapchick rather expected that to happen. But he has been around long enough to know that the best-planned strategy can't beat guile the full

DEL RAY MOUNTS, left, Texas Tech player drives past SMU's Frank Woodward as Riders win playoff at Fort Worth for NCAA tournament berth.



in the basket. He simply had his Redmen, attacking deliberately and carefully, get the ball to Kevin Loughery, who shot over the Violets from the side for 23 points, and to chase Willie Hall, who faked NYU's Barry Kramer out of his sneakers and scored 20 more. An aggressive man-to-man defense kept NYU from fast-breaking and St. John's won the big one 70-58. While NYU Coach Lou Rossini sadly contemplated his young team's failure, Lapchick was more impressed with St. John's disciplined defense. "We played a the way it should be played," said the old Celtic.

St. John's made it to the NCAA but, for a while, the Hawks seemed headed for oblivion, especially when they stalked Lafayette by 16 points with 11 minutes to go. However, the Leopards folded before St. Joe's harassing full-court press and the Hawks won 75-68 to tie Temple for the Mid-Atlantic title. Three nights later St. Joe's dangled behind the Osh in the play-off in Philadelphia's Palestra. This time, 6-foot-4 sophomore Jim Boyle, who had been operated on for appendicitis only 39 days earlier, baited them out. He put in seven points in the last four minutes and the Hawks won 75-65.

Villanova turned up for the NCAA by beating LaSalle 75-67; Holy Cross whipped Fordham 98-73 as Jack Foley, the nation's second best scorer (13.5 averages), poured in 38 points; Seton Hall's Nick Werkman scored 35 (for a 33-point average) in an 81-64 victory over Iowa. And there was even one last thrill for Syracuse's Coach Mark Guley, who has been replaced by Mississippi Southern's Fred Lewis. After 27 straight losses, Guley's Orangemen beat Connecticut 72-67 for their second win in a row. The top three:

1. ST. JOHN'S (21-4)
2. NYU (18-4)
3. VILLANOVA (18-4)

THE SOUTH

When the season began, all Kentucky's wisest old Adolph Rupp had was a promising young sophomore named Cotton Nash and a bunch of reverts who hardly figured

to make the SEC sit up and take notice. Last week The Baron was gaily chucking up his olive. Nash had scored like no one since Cliff Hagan, and Rupp's veterans had transformed the stragglers into proficient ballplayers. The Wildcats, already in the NCAA tournament because of Mississippi State's aversion to consorting with non-whites, polished off Tulane 92-52 and Tennessee 90-59 to share first place in the SEC with Mississippi State.

Louisville, which ran hot and cold all year but never lost its hometown fan (103,071 for 12 games), rewarded their loyalty by beating Ohio Valley champion Western Kentucky. Six-foot-7 Bud Hosen scored 26 points, and the Hilltoppers fell 88-71. Eastern Kentucky surprised Vanderbilt 88-64 to finish in a three-way tie with Morehead and Tennessee Tech for second in the Ohio Valley. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI STATE (20-1)
2. KENTUCKY (20-3)
3. WAKE FOREST (20-4)

THE MIDWEST

Back in its overcast offense and methodical defense won Ohio State after last week's temporary lapse. It took Jerry Lucas and his friends just about 10 minutes to solve Indiana's zone defense and then they destroyed it. Big Luke put in seven of his nine shots from the field, added six dunks for 31 points and swarmed all over the boards to pick off 30 rebounds. Mel Nowell drove hilariously past the disorganized Hoosiers for 22 points, and the Buckeyes won 90-65.

The rest of the Big Ten merely played out the string. Wisconsin, apparently still reflecting on the glory of its Ohio State upset, lost to Iowa 88-64. Terry Dischinger's last college field goal, as so many before it, earned Purdue a 77-35 win over Marquette.

After Oklahoma State upset Kansas State 78-68 with truly phenomenal shooting (71.9%), at Stillwater, old Colorado had to do so win the Big Eight championship was best last-place Kansas. But it wasn't easy. The aroused Jayhawks jammed up the Colorado front-liners with a stifling zone defense, backcourtiers Jerry Gardner and Nelson

Ellison flipped that afternoon over the bigger Bulls, and Kansas led 38-48 with five minutes left. Only then did Colorado begin to move. The Bulls ran off 13 points, including three by Wilky Gibson, which put Colorado ahead 60-59, while the Jayhawks scored only one, and Kansas succumbed 63-59.

Duquesne, in one last fling before the NIT, proved that Bradley isn't invincible at Poona. Little Willie Somerset founded the Braves with his jumpers, then dropped in two foul shots in the final minute to win for the Dukies 71-72. Dayton's final warm-up resulted in a 71-61 victory over DePaul, but Loyola's 11-game winning streak was snapped by Xavier, which upset the Ramblers 90-89. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (20-2)
2. GEORGETOWN (20-2)
3. HOWLAND GREEN (21-1)

THE SOUTHWEST

While scandal rumors persisted in the Southwest Conference (see page 101), the league race went right down to the wire. For a while both Texas Tech and SMU handled their chances for a tie like a hot potato. Tech barely made it past Rice 60-58 while the Mustangs had a hairrowing time before disposing of Arkansas 84-81. Then came the playoff for a place in the NCAA tournament. While the largest crowd ever to see a basketball game in Fort Worth—7,330—cheered effusively in the new Daniel-Meyer Coliseum, SMU's hot hand cooled off. Big Jan Ladnermilk kept the Mustangs in the game until Tech Coach Gene Gibson switched to a zone defense late in the first half. SMU couldn't hit from the outside, but Tech's Roger Hearnig, Mac Percival, Del Ray Mounts and Harold Hodgins hit from all over and the Raiders won 71-67. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (23-0)
2. HOUSTON (22-4)
3. TEXAS TECH (24-2)

THE WEST

USC's decline in the Big Five was complete. The Trojans, who fell apart inexplicably like a dollar watch, lost to last-place California 61-60 when Dick Smith popped in a jumper with five seconds to go. Then they blew another one (and second place) to Stanford with seven seconds left. The up-and-coming Indians, who also whipped UCLA's champions 82-67 a night earlier, beat USC 68-66 on Darrell Satterfield's two foul shots.

Oregon State, playing tough defense as it prepped for Monday's NCAA test with Seattle, defeated Oregon twice, 68-56 and 65-48. In the WCAC, Santa Clara beat St. Mary's 77-70 and San Jose State 61-46 to tie the Gaels for second place for the third time in three years. The top three:

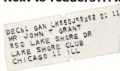
1. UTAH (20-0)
2. UCLA (18-0)
3. OREGON STATE (24-4)



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FINANCIAL FISH

Sir:

As a member of the steelhead sport-fishing club of the Pacific Northwest, I want to thank you for bringing the sportsman-Indian-steelhead fishing controversy into national focus where it belongs (SCORECARD, Feb. 26).

In legally black-marketing steelhead under his old identity, the Indian is being used by commercial interests to "pad up" their self-exaggerated salmon fishing business. He is certainly not catching "natural fish," as these steelhead are put into the stream by sportsmen's dollars. Not is he using the fish for any reason whatsoever except a financial one.

CARL M. BLACKFOCK

Seattle

BALBIRD

Sir:

There's that old pigeon again (*Flier by a Bird*, Feb. 26). Or didn't you know your sister publication *Lure* showed him or his sire winning at the Fair Grounds [see *Flier*] about 11 years ago? What's with these New Orleans railbirds? Are they refugees from Antoine's or Arnaud's?

J. K. BAILEY

Wilmington

● Antoine's famed 122-year-old restaurant offers a dish called *Pigeonons Royaux* Sauce Paradis on its menu,

but says Owner Roy Alcistore: "The birds we serve are so young they can't even fly, much less hang around a race-track."—ED.

WALK-OFF

Sir:

Although nothing can excuse a fan's cllobbering the nose of an opposing player (SCORECARD, Mar. 5), only against a team coached by Al McGuire could this have happened at Jacksonville University.

The events in Jacksonville precipitating McGuire's walk-off are related to the Jacksonville-Belmont Abbey game of last season in which two Abbey bench warmers were substituted late in a close game to "guard" the then leading scorer in Florida, Center Jim Kirkland. A fight ensued within seconds, leaving the referees as alternative but to sideline the players involved. J.U., minus its leading scorer, lost by one point.

This year the same routine was tried, only earlier and with even bigger quarry in view: Roger Strickland, leading scorer nationally in both the NAIA and NCAA small-college division. This time, however, it did not work. McGuire, seeing the game was about to be lost (Abbey had just lost an 11-point lead and control of the ball), did a brilliant about-face. After triggering a near riot, McGuire walked off the basketball court, thus making himself and his fellow crusaders martyrs to the cause of justice and decency on the hardwood.

MALCOLM BARONNET

Jacksonville

Sir:

You failed to mention that the reason the J.U. fans went to wild was that they saw the nation's small-college scoring leader, Roger Strickland, tackled from behind even though he wasn't involved in the fight which was then going on.

JACK CARITHERS

Jacksonville

Sir:

Jacksonville University would have won anyway! It was Coach McGuire's own fault that the game turned out the way it did.

WALTER E. PARKER JR.

Jacksonville

YOUTH SWINGS ETERNAL

Sir:

Mickey Wright's article on the golf swing (*Anyone Can Hit a Long Ball*, Feb. 19) is

absolutely the best I have ever seen since I began playing in 1916.

In the first game I played trying to use the swing she explained and illustrated, most of my drives were materially longer and still right down the middle.

Due to my age, which reached 82 on January 28th, my drives have been getting shorter of late years. Just as soon as I get this new swing grooved I expect to be able to shoot my age or lower regularly.

As I now play nearly every weekday I expect to get more pleasure from this improved swing than anything that can happen to me.

On our 484-yard 10th hole at the De Bell course on Monday the 26th the ball was 20 yards from the green on my second shot! Give my most hearty thanks to Mickey.

WARREN RAY

Barbark, Calif.

CASE IN POINT

Sir:

You have had powerful covers before, but never anything with the impact of "Cecy of the Moss" (March 5). This living portrait of the "grand old man" is not only real and gripping, but somehow catches the strength and courage of all humanity.

MARTIN J. WYAND

Champaign, Ill.

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2 DEPENDABILITY

Dart's body is rustproofed. You go 32,000 miles between grease jobs. High-speed starter and high-output alternator are standard for quick, sure starts.

Car	Redesigning Method	Electrically Output	Recommended Interval Between 5-year 5000
DART	60% & 50% 14 AMP	14 AMP	32,000 MILES
BISCAYNE	Service only	14 amp	1,000 miles
GALAXIE	Service only	30 amp	30,000 miles
METEOR	Service only	30 amp	30,000 miles
FAIRLANE	Service only	30 amp	30,000 miles

4 COMFORT

Dart's easy to get in and out of. Lots of space. Chair-high seats. Smooth Torson-Air ride. Mezz-sized wheels and tires put plenty of rubber on the road.

Car	Exposition Seating Front and Rear	Standard Body Type & Wheel Size
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BISCAYNE	Coils and springs	500 x 14 (V6)
FAIRLANE	Coils leaf springs	700 x 14 (V6)
BISCAYNE	Coils coils	700 x 14 (V6)
GALAXIE	Coils leaf springs	700 x 14 (V6)

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Car	Standard 6 HP and Torque	Standard 8 HP and Torque
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